

The



# TATTLER

& BYSTANDER

AUGUST 14, 1957

TWO SHILLINGS



MOIRA SHEARER



# A Promise



*Tampax can make  
a world of difference —  
year after year  
after year*

Most women don't realise that "a few problem days each month" actually add up to *five years out of your life!* It's up to you whether those five years are as comfortable and carefree as possible, as normal and natural, as casual and relaxed as possible! It's up to you whether or not you decide to use Tampax.

Why does Tampax internal sanitary protection make this enormous difference? It's not only that it does away with belts, pins and pads, it relieves you of the physical discomfort of chafing and the mental discomfort of the risk of embarrassing odour. You'll find that Tampax never reminds you of its presence. You can't feel it once it's in place. It's invisible. It takes only seconds to insert, change and dispose of. In every possible way, Tampax helps to do away with differences in days of the month!

Tampax is available at chemists and drapers everywhere in a choice of two absorbencies, Regular and Super. Get it—you'll like it! Tampax Limited, Belvue Road, Northolt, Greenford, Middlesex.



*Invented by a doctor—  
now used by millions of women*

If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) just send name, address and 5d. in loose stamps to The Nurse, Dept. L.29 Tampax Ltd., Belvue Road, Northolt, Greenford, Middlesex.



## "King George IV" OLD SCOTCH WHISKY

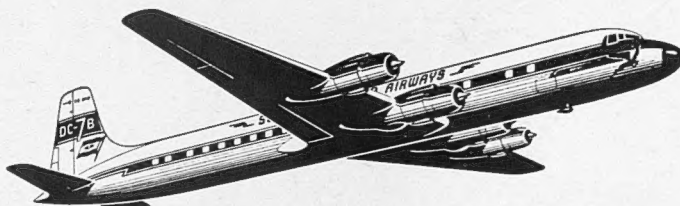


Retail Prices in the United Kingdom

Bottle 36/- : Half Bottle 18/9 : Quarter Bottle 9/9 : Miniature 3/9

THE DISTILLERS AGENCY LTD · EDINBURGH · SCOTLAND

## SHORTEST! FASTEST!



## TO SOUTH AFRICA

### FLY DC-7B

via WEST COAST ROUTE

**NOW! FIRST CLASS  
AND TOURIST**

## SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS

(In association with B.O.A.C. & C.A.A.)



Details from your Travel Agent, B.O.A.C., C.A.A. or South African Airways, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2  
Telephone: WHIttehall 4488. For reservations 'phone VICtoria 2323.

## THE CRY OF THE FISH EAGLE

PETER MOLLOY

"It is a pleasure and a change to read a sensible, well-written book about Africa, for Col. Molloy writes amusingly and lightly, and yet manages to convey a tremendous amount of information about the world's animals and people." GERALD DURRELL (*The Daily Telegraph*). 21/-.



## GOING HOME

DORIS LESSING

"She is, as a writer, most marvellously gifted, and this gives strength and authority to all her work. . . . Mrs. Lessing loves Africa; that is something that stands out in her poignant descriptive writing. She, to a greater extent I believe than any other living author, has captured the sight and sound and smell of Africa, and put it down on paper so that it may become real and tangible to those who have never set foot on African soil. This, perhaps, is her greatest achievement." ELIZABETH NICHOLAS (*Sunday Times*). 21/-.



## WOMAN PILOT

'JACKIE'  
MOGGRIDGE

"An excellent piece of autobiography by a most persistent, skilful and patriotic woman who from her earliest days had flying on her mind and was determined to succeed, no matter what the obstacles, male or otherwise. . . . The author writes well and racily, as one would expect, and this is a delightful record both of her war and peacetime service, with just a few interludes for private life." *The Sphere*. 16/-.

published by

MICHAEL  JOSEPH



Cover photograph by Vivienne

MOIRA SHEARER danced with the Sadler's Wells Ballet on tour and at Covent Garden from 1942 to 1952, attaining the rank of premiere ballerina; she retired from the ballet in 1954. Since then she has devoted herself to acting, and is to appear with Anton Walbrook in Henry Sherek's production of *A Man Of Distinction*, by Walter Hasenclever at this year's Edinburgh Festival. Miss Shearer is married to Mr. Ludovic Kennedy; they have two daughters

# DIARY OF THE WEEK

From August 14 to August 21

**Aug. 14 (Wed.)** Brighton Horse Show and South of England Jumping Championships (to 17th).  
Cricket: Yorkshire v. West Indies (to 16th) at Bradford.

Sailing: West Solent Week (to 18th), the Solent.  
Dance: Mrs. Jack Hillyard for Miss Adrian Hamilton, at Blarney Castle, Co. Cork.  
Racing at Sandown Park, Haydock Park, Bath and Beverley.

**Aug. 15 (Thu.)** Sailing: Torbay Fortnight (to 31st), Teignmouth and Torbay, Devon.  
Croquet: Challenge and Gilbey Cups (to 24th), at Roehampton.  
Barbecue at Hurlingham Club.  
Racing at Sandown Park, Haydock Park, Bath and Beverley.

**Aug. 16 (Fri.)** Lonach Highland Gathering, Strathdon, Aberdeenshire.  
Dance: Mrs. Charles Brotherton and Mrs. Percy Legard for Miss Anne Brotherton and Miss Sarah Legard, at Kirkham Abbey, York.  
Racing at Newbury and Stockton; steeplechasing at Newton Abbot.

**Aug. 17 (Sat.)** Cricket: Leicestershire v. West Indies (and 19th, 20th), at Leicester; Free Foresters v. de Flamingo Cricket Club of Holland at Hurlingham (two days).  
Sailing: Falmouth Week (to 24th).  
Highland Games at Edinburgh and Nairn.  
Exhibitions: Special Festival Exhibition (to September 15, provisional date), Royal Scottish Academy, Edinburgh; Exhibition of Crafts (to September 14), Scottish Lyceum Gallery, Edinburgh.  
Golf: Boys' International Match, Scotland v. England, Carnoustie, Angus.

Dance: Mrs. J. H. Goodhart for Miss Diana Goodhart at Newburgh Priory, Coxwold, Yorks.  
Racing at Newbury, Stockton and Leicester; steeplechasing at Newton Abbot.

**Aug. 18 (Sun.)** Opening of the Edinburgh International Festival of Music and Drama (to September 7), service in St. Giles' Cathedral.  
International Edinburgh Film Festival (to September 8).  
Sailing: Royal Ocean Racing Club Race, Plymouth—La Rochelle.

**Aug. 19 (Mon.)** Lawn Tennis: Scottish Hard Courts Championships (to 24th), at St. Andrews.  
Racing at Warwick and Lewes.

**Aug. 20 (Tue.)** Black Game shooting begins.  
Golf: Highland Open Amateur Tournament (to 24th) at Pitlochry.  
Polo: Cirencester Park Polo Tournament (to 25th).  
Cricket: Butterflies v. de Flamingo Cricket Club of Holland at Hurlingham.  
First nights: The Royal Ballet at Covent Garden; Ximenez and Vargas Ballet at Sadler's Wells.  
Racing at York.

**Aug. 21 (Wed.)** Royal Jersey Agricultural and Horticultural Society's Summer Show (two days), at St. Helier.  
Racing at York (Ebor Handicap) and Salisbury; steeplechasing, Devon and Exeter Meeting.



CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY: This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions: That it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2/-, and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

POSTAGE: Inland 3d. Canada 14d. Foreign 24d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom.

## Brighten the Autumn at BRIGHTON

Now is one of the finest times of the year at Brighton. Holiday there in sun and warmth. Shows, shops, golf courses, entertainments are yours for the enjoying. Just an hour by train from London.

Guide and Hotel List 6d. from G. N. Johnson, Royal York Buildings, Brighton.

For friends at home and overseas...

... a subscription to THE TATLER makes a splendid, long-lasting gift—and it's so easy to give!

Twelve months Home: £6.5.6 Overseas: £6.12.0 Canada: £5.14.0

Your newsagent will arrange a subscription, or write to: The Publisher, Ingram House, Strand, London, W.C.2



**REDNUTT**  
ANCIENT BROWNE SHERRY

Large stocks of this rich full-bodied wine are held maturing in Spain. Equally suitable for a dessert wine or aperitif. Available from your usual wine merchants. 22/- per bottle.

Sole Importers:

J. R. PARKINGTON & CO., LTD., 161 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

## Guinea Grain



A splendid example of Barling genius, that combines comfort and cool smoking. The special mouthpiece and overall light weight provide the comfort: the sturdy, mellow briar bowl keeps your smoke from getting too hot.

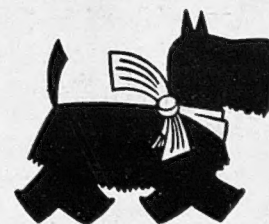
Also available in Standard and Sandblast Series

ALWAYS INSIST ON A

**Barling**  
LONDON 1812

PIPEMAKERS IN LONDON SINCE 1812

**KYNOCH**  
of KEITH SCOTLAND



**TWEEDS SCARVES**

28 OLD BURLINGTON STREET, W.1



# WEST INDIES

## Sunshine voyages



### 4 SPECIAL WINTER SAILINGS

from Southampton December 28th, January 21st, February 5th and February 25th by the 20,000 ton luxury liners "Flandre" and "Antilles", each making a 4-week round trip.

Two fine modern ships—excellent accommodation—extensive air-conditioning—open-air swimming

pools—superb cuisine and service and the "Joie de Vivre" of "France Afloat".

*Calling at Vigo, San Juan (Puerto Rico), Antigua, Pointe à Pitre, Fort de France, Barbados, Trinidad, La Guaira, Curaçao, Jamaica, Port au Prince, (the "Flandre" also calls at Ciudad Trujillo).*

# French Line

20 COCKSPUR STREET, LONDON, S.W.1, AND TRAVEL AGENTS





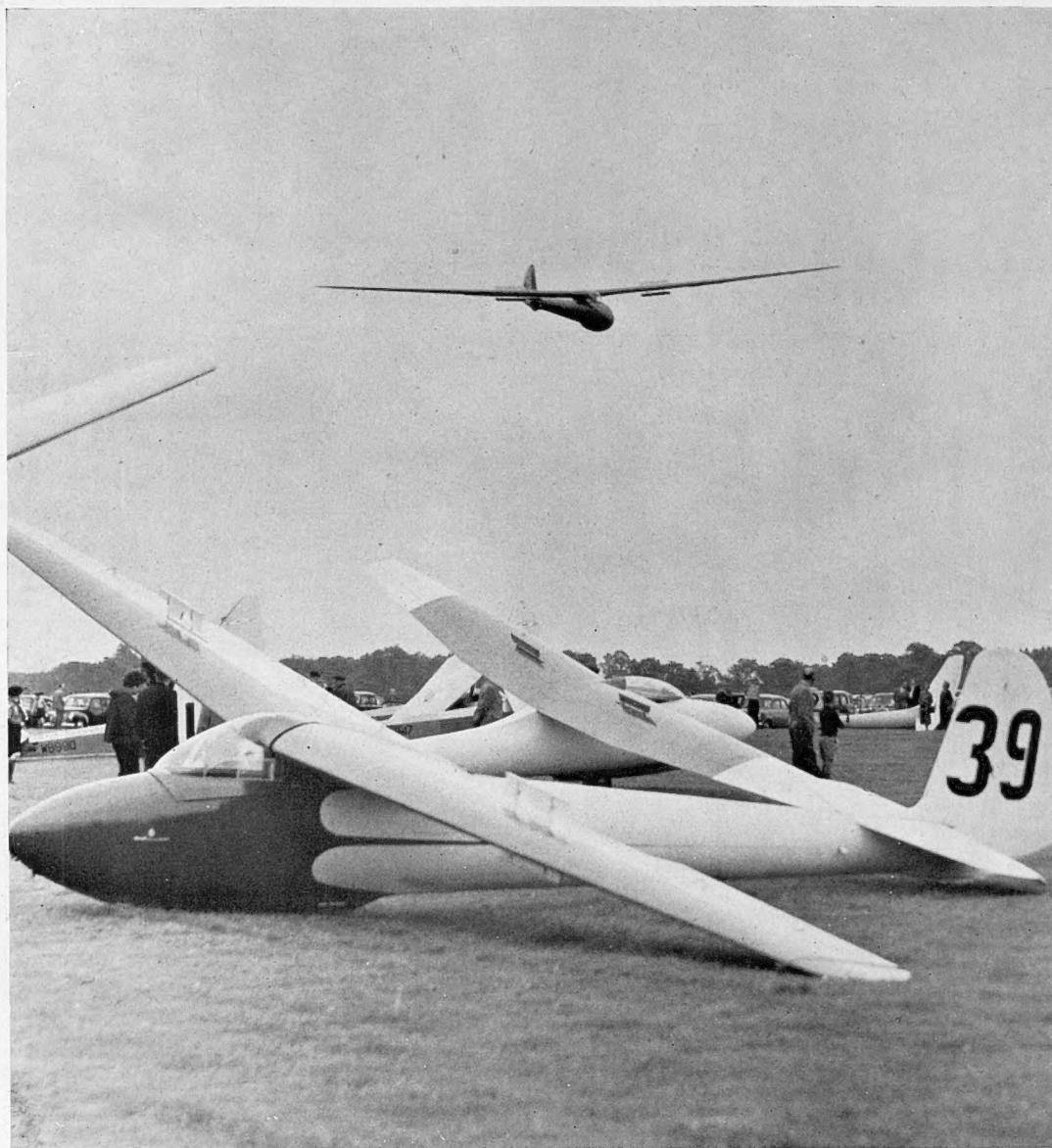
Clayton Evans

## A talented débutante learns Russian

MISS ALEXANDRA McCLURE, who is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Macdonell McClure, of Beyers Court, Wisborough Green, Sussex, is adding to her linguistic capabilities by learning Russian. Miss McClure, who was educated at Arundel, at the Chatelard School in

Switzerland and in Rome, also speaks Italian and French fluently. Miss McClure was presented at the first Presentation Party this year, and had a party at the Bath Club. She enjoys hunting, and has ridden with the Chiddingfold and Leconfield pack since she was a child





Mr. Peter Neilson and Mrs. Neilson making last minute repairs



Mr. Fred Slingsby, designer of sailplanes, and Mr. B. A. G. Meads

## PRINCE PHILIP OPENED THE GLIDING CHAMPIONSHIPS

THE NATIONAL GLIDING CHAMPIONSHIPS 1957, held at Lasham Aerodrome in Hampshire, were opened this year by His Royal Highness Prince Philip, who arrived there in a helicopter of the Royal Navy on his return from the Channel Islands. Although the weather was unfavourable for long distance and record breaking flights on the opening day, Prince Philip made a flight in a two-seater Slingsby Eagle sailplane, accompanied by Mr. Derek Piggott, chief instructor of the Lasham Gliding Centre. The Prince also inspected the seventy-one sailplanes and 127 pilots entered for the contest. Britain's team for the World Gliding Championship was to be selected by the British Gliding Association from those who competed at Lasham during this exciting ten-day event. Above: An Olympia coming in to land after a trial run



Miss Anne Newton, of Bournemouth, and Miss Jill Walker, New Zealand, with their Skylark



Mr. and Mrs. Peter Scott watching an aerobatic display

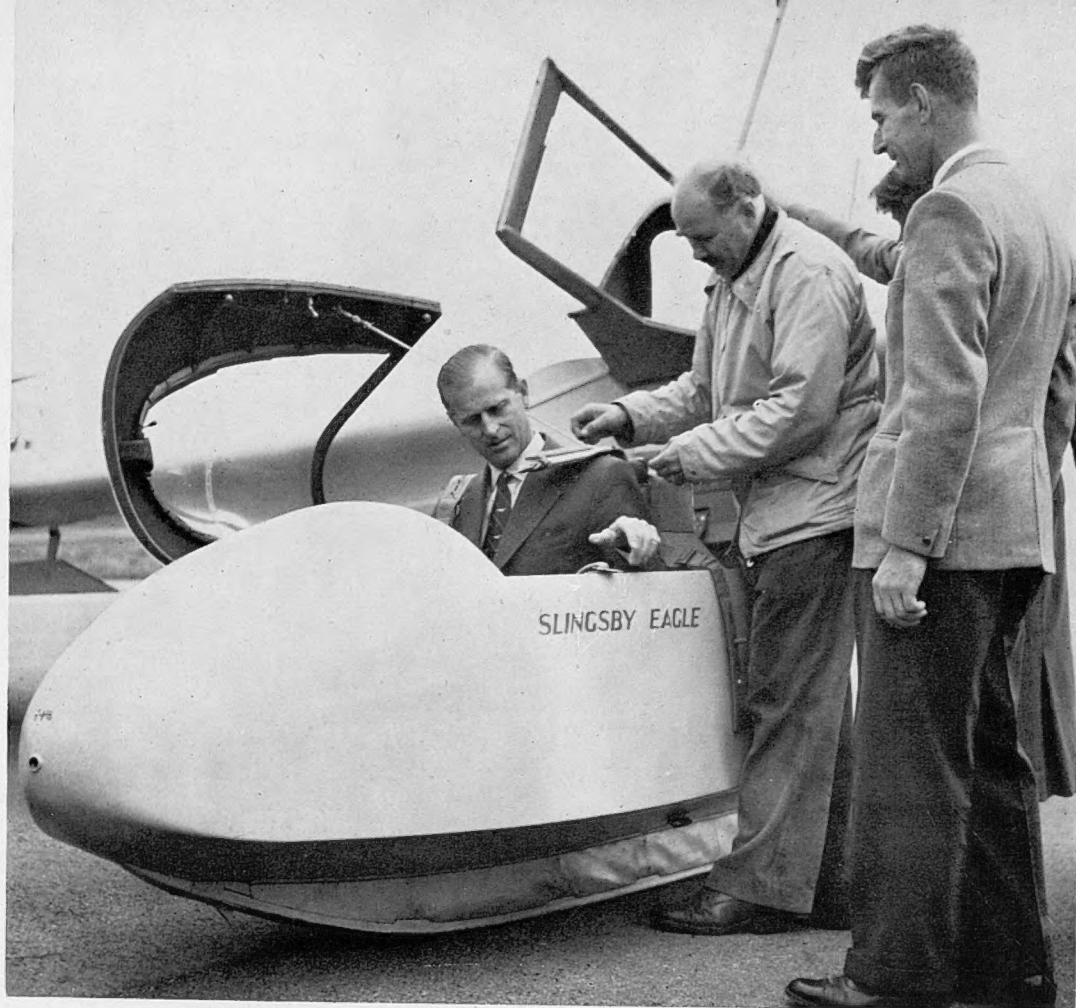


Mr. Kahn and Mr. Walter Kahn, a member of the Committee



Mrs. G. Goodhart, Mrs. C. Orde, Mrs. R. Preston and Mr. F. Gough, M.P.

Lt. and Mrs. J. W. Beard, Mrs. M. E. Beard and Miss Carole McLennan



Prince Philip having his harness fitted in the cockpit of the sailplane in which he flew with Mr. Derek Piggott

Mrs. A. J. Deane-Drummond, whose single-seater record awaits confirmation, with her daughters Angela and Shirley







C. C. Fennell

THE MARQUESS OF WATERFORD and his bride, Lady Caroline Wyndham-Quin (left) after their wedding. Above, Countess Dunraven, mother of the bride, with Col. John Silcock

## Social Journal

# IRELAND HAS ITS WEDDING OF THE YEAR

Jennifer

I FLEW over to Ireland for the day, with about thirty other friends, for the marriage of the Marquess of Waterford and Lady Caroline Wyndham-Quin, younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Dunraven. This took place in the very picturesque little parish church of Adare in Co. Limerick, where His Grace Dr. Hodges, the Protestant Bishop of Limerick, Ardfert and Aghodoe, officiated, assisted by Canon F. H. Burkitt and the Rev. Howard Arnold.

The bride who is graceful, tall, and willowy, looked enchanting in a most beautiful dress of Swiss white embroidered organza with a train cut in one with the skirt, which had been designed and made in Dublin by the Irish couturier Sybil Connolly. Her long tulle veil was held in place by a most becoming white satin bandeau and she carried a small bouquet of mixed white flowers. She was given away by her father the Earl of Dunraven, and attended by one grown-up bridesmaid, her sister Lady Melissa Wyndham-Quin, who wore a long dress of pink organza with a fichu collar and a head-dress of pink and white roses. Also by two pages and five child bridesmaids. The pages, the Hon. Steven Stanhope, and Hubert de Burgh, wore pink linen suits with frilled white organza collars (the Hon. Charles Hemphill was there dressed in his page's suit too, but at the last moment he refused to join the bridal retinue up the aisle!).

The little girls looked entrancing in long white organza dresses with frilled collars and sashes of pink organza and circlets of pink and white rosebuds in their hair. They were Lady Sarah Stanhope, the Hon. Doune Ogilvy, the Hon. Victoria Warrender, Caroline Wyndham and Nicola Beresford. As the church is quite small, only a limited number of relations and friends could attend the marriage ceremony. Everything was most efficiently arranged and the ushers, who included the Marquess of Hamilton, Mr. Hugh Dawnay, Major Philip Profumo, M.F.H., Mr. Jim Macdonald-Buchanan, and Lord Hemphill, had clearly typed-out lists with everyone's numbered pew and seat. A lot of the wonderful organization of the wedding was done by the bridegroom's brother Lord Patrick Beresford, who was also best man.

AFTER the ceremony, church bells pealed merrily for ten minutes as the young couple left for the reception at Adare Manor, the fine ancestral seat of the bride's family, which was attended by over a thousand guests, including a great number of tenants and employees from the Waterford estates, the Dunraven Irish estates and the Dunraven Welsh estate, and by hunt servants of the Limerick hounds, as well as numerous friends from the village who had known the bride's family all their lives. In fact I think no one had been forgotten at this very happy Irish wedding. Someone, however, who was sadly missed by all was the bride's only brother Thady, Viscount Adare, who is in a special rehabilitation centre at Rennes in France, recovering from an attack of poliomyelitis which he caught last year. So many kind inquiries were made for him, and many wishes for a quick recovery sent.

The Earl of Dunraven with the attractive American-born Countess of Dunraven, who looked very chic in a dress of blue and white printed taffeta and a swathed blue tulle hat, received the guests with the bridegroom's mother, the Marchioness of Waterford, who also looked charming in grey chiffon, and his stepfather, Col. John Silcock, in the lovely drawing-room overlooking the garden, after guests had come through the large and lofty baronial hall where many sets of armour are arranged. Members of both families I saw at the wedding included the bridegroom's uncle, Lord William Beresford, with Lady William Beresford—their daughter, Nicola, was a





*Ann, Lady Orr-Lewis (left) and Miss Joanna Smith-Bingham*



*Mr. and Mrs. Derek Le Poer Trench were also guests*

*The  
TATLER  
and  
Bystander,  
AUGUST 14  
1957  
275*



*Lady Bruntisfield with her daughter, the Hon. Victoria Warrender*

*Sir Richard Keane, Bt., with Lady Keane, from Cappoquin*

*Mrs. Robert Elwes, Mr. and Mrs. J. Thursby and Sir Hugh and Lady Nugent*

*The Countess of Harrington (left) with Viscountess Cranborne*



bridesmaid—his aunts Lady Katherine Dawnay and Lady Patricia Miller, Maj.-Gen. David Dawnay, Rear-Admiral Peter and Lady Angela Dawnay, the bride's aunts Lady Olein Wyndham-Quin, in blue and white with a blue straw hat, Mrs. Harry Payne Bingham and her daughter Miss "Burks" Bingham who had come over from America for the wedding, and the Hon. Mrs. Valentine Wyndham-Quin with her three very beautiful daughters, Lady Roderic Pratt, Viscountess Cranborne and Mrs. John Wyndham, whose little daughter, Caroline Wyndham, was a bridesmaid, and the Earl and Countess of Meath.

Other guests included the Duchess of Abercorn, whom I saw sitting in the church with Col. Sir Henry and Lady May Abel Smith, the Earl and Countess of Harrington, whose youngest daughter, Lady Sarah Stanhope was a bridesmaid, and their son the Hon. Steven Stanhope a page—they had other members of their young family with them—Lord and Lady Bruntisfield who had a tiny bridesmaid daughter, and Lady Ogilvy who courageously brought her little bridesmaid daughter, the Hon. Doune Ogilvy, over from England alone without a Nanny.

ALSO there were the Earl and Countess of Sefton, who had flown over from their home, Croxteth Hall, near Liverpool, Mr. and Mrs. Jackie Thursby—the latter, looking exceptionally chic in a sapphire blue silk dress and large black velvet hat, had been one of the kind friends helping Lady Dunraven with the exquisite floral arrangements in the church and for the reception, as did Ann Lady Orr-Lewis—and Mrs. Peter Fitzgerald, whom I met with Cdr. Peter Fitzgerald talking to Sir Hugh and Lady Nugent. Unfortunately, the afternoon was rather overcast so that guests did not use the lovely lawns and gardens as much as they would have done if it had been warm and sunny. After the bride and bridegroom had cut their cake (the first slice was taken out to send to Thady!) at one end of the large panelled dining-room, Lord Patrick Beresford asked everyone to join in drinking their health and wishing them happiness.

Lord Daresbury, Master of the Limerick hounds, was among the friends who came to wish this charming and popular young couple good luck, also Col. James Hanbury, joint-Master of the Belvoir hounds, who flew over for the day with his lovely wife who wore a pale pink suit and beret, Lord Talbot de Malahide, and his sister the Hon. Rose Talbot, Sir Thomas and Lady Ainsworth, their son and daughter-in-law Mr. and Mrs. David Ainsworth, ninety-one year old Col. Charteris who had come from Cahir, Mr. and Mrs. Dermot McGillycuddy very busy at the reception with a cine camera, the Irish trainers Mr. M. C. Collins and Mr. Vincent O'Brien and Mrs. O'Brien, and Mr. Paddy Punch whom I saw talking to Lady Cranborne and her sister who, as children, he took out riding; he has looked after all the

ponies in the Dunraven family for many years past with great care.

Others there included Lady Helena Hilton-Green, the Hon. Mrs. Corbally Stourton, Lord and Lady Inchiquin, Lady Hemphill, Miss Sonia Pilkington, Miss Mary Macdonald-Buchanan, Mr. Peregrine Bertie, Miss Valerie Maxwell, Miss Jennifer Brocas Burrows, Mr. Christopher Philipson, Capt. and Mrs. Charles Worthington, and Miss Heap who has been the treasured and beloved Nanny to the bride and her brother and sister for many years. Another family friend present was Mr. Tom Miller who has been chauffeur with the bridegroom's family for many years. He drove the bride and bridegroom to the reception and when they left on their honeymoon.

★ ★ ★

MUCH entertaining was arranged for members of the American Bar Association convention and their wives, during their recent visit to London. This varied from the Queen's garden party in their honour at Buckingham Palace, big official receptions, dinners and luncheons, to the more intimate cocktail parties. Among the latter I missed, alas, a very gay one given by Lord and Lady Monson at their enchanting Knightsbridge home, and thoroughly enjoyed a delightful cocktail party given the following evening by Lord and Lady Dunboyne at their charming house in Ormonde Gate.

This was on the eve of a lawn tennis match at the Wimbledon All-England Lawn Tennis Club, when the Bar Lawn Tennis Society, of which Lord Dunboyne is honorary secretary, played a match against the U.S. Bar Association team. This, incidentally, resulted in a victory for the British, and Mr. Justice Slade presented the beautiful silver challenge cup—given in memory of the late Mr. William C. Breed, who did much to further Anglo-American relations in the legal world—to Mrs. Kennedy for the British team, who were Mr. Neill Cox, the first string, who was at the party with his wife, Mr. John Cope, Mr. Martin Hime, Mr. Barry Carter, Mr. Oliver Wrightson and Mr. Kenneth Nation-Dixon.

American guests at Lord and Lady Dunboyne's party included Mr. Samuel A. Fitch from Boston, and Mr. Francis T. P. Plimpton from New York, who played in the first pair for the American side, and their wives. Also Mr. William E. Miller and Mr. John N. Worcester, who were the second pair, Mr. J. Paschell Davis and his wife, and Mr. John J. Hooker, all from Tennessee. The latter, who was partnered by Mr. Davis in the third pair, was perhaps the best American player in the team. Earl Jowitt, a former Lord Chancellor, and Countess Jowitt

*[Continued overleaf]*





PRINCE PHILIP is seen going in to bat in the match between his team and the Duke of Norfolk's XI at Arundel Castle; he made twenty-one runs. The match, held in aid of the National Playing Fields Association, was a draw

came to Lord and Lady Dunboyne's party, as did Judge Sir Patrick Barry and Lady Barry, who told me their daughter Sheila is taking her bar examinations.

Other guests were Mr. Ernest Angell from New York, who captained the American team, but only played in the seventh pair, who were not competing, Viscount and Viscountess Vaughan, Master Russell Lawrence and his wife, Mr. Kennedy, a senior partner in the firm who kindly presented the challenge cup, and his wife, Mr. Stuart Pearl, Lt.-Col. Duncan Macaulay, the very able secretary of the All-England Lawn Tennis Club at Wimbledon, who I was told had been most helpful over the arrangements for the match, his assistant, Major David Mills and his wife, the Hon. Kenneth and Mrs. Suenson-Taylor, Judge Sir Edward Sachs and the Hon. Lady Sachs, Mr. and Mrs. Hohler who live near the Dunboyne's in Ormonde Gate, and Mr. Geoffrey Parry and his very pretty Norwegian-born wife, who gave another very gay party for the eight American pairs and their wives after the match next day at their charming house in Chelsea.

★ ★ ★

ON alternate years, the Queen and Prince Philip stay for Goodwood race week either with the Duke and Duchess of Richmond and Gordon at Goodwood House, or with the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk at Arundel. This year they visited the Duke and Duchess of Richmond and Gordon at Goodwood. Other members of the house party were the Duke and Duchess of Richmond and Gordon's son and heir, the Earl of March, and his very pretty wife—their younger son Lord Nicholas Gordon-Lennox missed Goodwood this year as he is in America working at our Embassy in Washington—the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, the latter looking most attractive racing each day in cool summer dresses, the Earl and Countess of Euston, the Hon. Gavin and Lady Irene Astor, and Major Raymond Seymour and his fiancée the Hon. Mrs. Finnis. The Princess Royal stayed with Major and the Hon. Mrs. Reggie Macdonald-Buchanan who had taken Col. and Mrs. Rex Benson's charming house for race week.

The beautiful setting of the racecourse at Goodwood has to be seen to be appreciated, and this year it was enhanced by glorious sunny days after several weeks of rain which had made everything very green. The going was perfect, and the racing excellent on all four days. Many improvements have been made on this course since last year, largely thanks to the hard work and efficiency of the very able Clerk of the Course, Mr. Ralph Hubbard. Firstly the paddock, lawns of the Private Stand, Tattersalls and all the cheaper rings have been greatly enlarged by putting the rails back 15 feet. This gives much more space and comfort. Then a new car park to hold nearly 2,000 cars has been laid out, with four exits so that there shall be no bad bottleneck in getting away. Proper concrete steps have been made to get up to watch

the racing from Trundle Hill instead of the rather precarious paths which spectators had to climb and descend before, and new racecard huts, with more than one window, have been built in all the stands. A flagpole has been placed on top of the private stand at the end of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon's private box from where the Queen usually watches the racing, and here each day, to everyone's pleasure, the Royal Standard flew regally. Incidentally, the giant begonias around the Richmond and Gordon's private box, the hydrangeas massed along the walls and in flower beds and the many other flowers were extremely gay. The catering too, I heard on all sides, has much improved this year.

Another small but, I found, very helpful arrangement that should be copied by other racecourses, was that when the winning numbers were placed in the frame the names of the jockeys were placed beside them. So often has one wanted to know, a few minutes after a race, who rode the first, second and third, to find that the frame in which the runners and riders had appeared is already full of runners for the next race!

HER MAJESTY, who looked lovely in cool silk dresses each day, by winning the Bentinck Stakes with her home-bred Alycidon filly Almeria on the opening day, passed her previous best year of £40,993 in winning stakes in 1954, and at the time of writing had once again come to the top of the list of winning owners, having won £41,034 in stake money this season, with nearly four months more flat racing to go. Viscount and Viscountess Cowdray, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Agar, Sir Muir Mackenzie, Mr. Ralph Gordon Smith, Lt.-Col. Bernard Hornung and Sir Adrian Jarvis, who both also have chalets, Mr. Jimi Joel and Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Hawkins are among those who have boxes from which to watch the racing with their friends. There was also the usual entertaining in the picturesque little chalets.

Among regular racing enthusiasts I met enjoying this unique and delightful meeting were the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, who had a big house party at Arundel, the Earl of Rosebery and Lord Astor who both had several runners and often watched the racing from the stand facing down the course, the Dowager Viscountess Allendale, Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher, Sir Malcolm McAlpine, and the Earl and Countess of Durham, who had a house party including Lord and Lady George Cholmondeley.

Also the Earl and Countess of Sefton (the latter I thought was the best dressed woman present on the opening day in a china blue silk suit and very neat hat to match), Major Dermot McCalmont and his son and daughter-in-law Mr. and Mrs. John Rogerson, and Lord Howard de Walden, the senior steward, who after Goodwood was flying out to join his family in the Canaries for a brief holiday before York.

ON the first day I saw the Marquess and Marchioness of Abergavenny. The latter left for Cornwall next day for a seaside holiday with their family, being joined by Lord Abergavenny at the end of the week. The Duke and Duchess of Richmond and Gordon were of course racing each day with their house party, and I saw Mrs. Ralph Hubbard who brought her daughter Miss Joanna Norton-Griffiths and a party of her young friends, Lord and Lady Weeks, Sir Colin and Lady Barber, Mr. Jeremy Tree who saddled several runners, Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Gwynne Morgan-Jones, Sir Rhys Llewellyn with Major and Mrs. Hugh Rose, Major and Mrs. Herbert Holt, Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn who came over from Bembridge each day, the Hon. Hugh and the Hon. Mrs. Fraser, Lord and Lady Ranfurly who were staying with Mr. and Mrs. Sandy Scratchley, Viscount and Viscountess Cranborne, Sir Humphrey de Trafford and his two pretty daughters Mrs. Derek Parker Bowles and the Hon. Mrs. Max Aitken.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope Joel, just arrived from Bermuda, were racing, also Mrs. John Ferguson, Major and Mrs. Wombwell, Brig. and Mrs. Willy Wyatt in the paddock talking to Mr. Garry Booth Jones, Lady Margaret van Cutsem who won the King George Stakes with her Irish trained filly Refined, Lord Stavordale and Major Dermot Daly, who were among the many men sensibly wearing panama hats, Lady Smyley accompanied by the Hon. Mrs. Innes, Mr. and Mrs. Holden White, the Hon. Anthony and Mrs. Samuel, Mr. and Mrs. William Fife, Mr. William and Lady Belinda Dugdale, Mrs. Redmond McGrath and her daughter Miss Sally Bealey, Mrs. Durham Mathews, Mr. William Harrison and Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Harrison.

I also saw Mr. and Mrs. Tom Lilley and her daughter Miss Patricia Cottingham, Lady Helen Smith, Major and Mrs. Arthur Smith-Bingham, Mr. and Mrs. Bridges Webb talking to Lord Ashcombe, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Woods, the Countess of Ronaldshay looking very pretty in one of the boxes with her mother Mrs. Eben Pike (Olive Snell, the clever artist), and Cdr. and the Hon. Mrs. Eykyn who, as always, dispensed much hospitality in the luncheon room they share with several friends including Lord Ashcombe and the Earl and Countess of Sefton. Sir Miles and Lady Dempsey, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Duncanson, Mary Duchess of Roxburghe, whom I saw on her way to the paddock with the Hon. Gavin and Lady Irene Astor, Major and Mrs. "Weary" Liddell, the Earl and Countess of Feversham, the Earl of Rocksavage, the Countess of Lindsay, Viscountess Knollys, Viscount and Viscountess Kelburn and their eldest daughter the Hon. Sarah Boyle, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Miller, Sir Richard and Lady Sykes, Sir Eric and Lady Ohlson and Lady



Selsden who, with Mrs. Egerton, gave a very enjoyable bottle party at Liphook on the first night of the meeting, were others there.

For those who wanted to go out dancing in the evening, there was the annual ball in aid of the Sussex Red Cross at Arundel on the Wednesday night, and the coming-out dance which Lady Twisleton-Wykeham-Fiennes and Mrs. Douglas Harrison gave for their daughters Gillian and Undine on the Friday night. Everyone was delighted to see the young Viscount and Viscountess Allendale win the Goodwood Cup with Tenterhooks on Thursday. Later that afternoon the Queen went out to the paddock and joined the American Ambassador to look at his runner Casse Noisette before the Lavant Stakes in which he finished second. I had to miss Friday's racing as I was flying to Monte Carlo for the Bal de Mer, about which I will be writing next week.

There was polo at Cowdray Park after racing. Prince Philip usually left before the last race as he was playing each day, and the Queen followed a little later to watch the matches with some of the house party from Goodwood. I went over on the Wednesday evening when I saw the Cirencester Park team defeat Media Luna in the quarter-finals of the Harrison Cup, and later Windsor Park, for whom Prince Philip played back, defeat Silver Leys. The first person to greet Viscount and Viscountess Cowdray on their return from racing was their three-year-old daughter Lucy, who then went off to bed. Lady Cowdray, who looked enchanting in a pale blue silk dress with a white spot and a single row of lovely black pearls, sat with the Queen, Viscount Cowdray, Lord Plunket, the Earl and Countess of Euston, the Gavin Astors, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Peter Dollar and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith-Ryland, watching the polo.

Others watching were the Countess of Brecknock and her son the Earl of Brecknock, Col. James Nelson who arrived with Lord Patrick Beresford, Mrs. Peter Greenwell who lives nearby, Capt. John and Lady Rose Macdonald-Buchanan, and his brother and sister Jim and Mary, Mrs. Guy Mansell who is among the few women who play polo, Mr. John Lakin and Col. Humphrey Guinness, who had his arm in a sling as a result of a fall playing in the recent Cirencester polo week.

THE best polo match I have watched this year was the final of the Gold Cup at Cowdray Park, which I did not have space to mention at the time. I saw Prince Philip's team, Windsor Park, defeat Baron Elie de Rothschild's strong Casarejo team by five goals to three, after a fast, galloping, hard-hitting game, which was a pleasure to watch. Rain at intervals came down in torrents, which made the ground slippery and difficult to play on. Prince Philip played a fine game—I have never seen him play better—and he was admirably supported by Col. Humphrey Guinness, who performed quite brilliantly, that tremendous long-hitter Tito Lalor, and J. Nelson. Baron de Rothschild's team consisted of himself playing at Number One, Julio Muller who hit some magnificent shots, the seven handicap player Alexandro Gracida, and Pedro Domecq la Riva at back.

There were four falls during the game, happily all without harm to horse or rider. They began in the first chukka when Prince Philip collided with the papier mâché goal post (which snapped off), and slipped up, then in the second chukka Col. Guinness had a heavy fall on the boards where Gracida also came down. In the fourth chukka Muller and his pony were down, happily again without mishap. After the game Prince Philip received the handsome gold cup from Viscountess Cowdray who looked charming in a cherry red suit.



## LEGAL LAWN TENNIS

THE BAR LAWN TENNIS SOCIETY won the Breed Memorial Cup from members of the American Bar at Wimbledon. Above: Sir Gerald Slade, Mr. Neil Cox, Mr. John Cope, Mrs. Kennedy and Mr. Gilbert Kennedy

Lady Dunboyne, Miss Mary Shute and Mr. B. R. Shute

Miss Berit Steijer with Miss Jill Medway



A. V. Swaebe

Mrs. Henry Wollaston with her children, Cynthia, Virginia and Anthony

Mrs. W. Russell Lawrence, Mrs. H. Parke, Miss E. R. Lawrence

Sir Gerald Hargreaves, Lady Hargreaves, Miss S. Johnson



# IT IS GRADUATION YEAR IN FESTIVE EDINBURGH

● IVOR BROWN ●

THE Edinburgh Festival of the Arts is now well settled in its second decade. Its promoters are assured of plentiful attendance: the idea, quite a natural idea, that the interest might shrink after the first few years, has been completely falsified. The Land of Cakes is more than ever the Land of Culture, at least for three weeks.

Princes Street, which has, to the distress of Scottish pride, increasingly earned the title of Chain Store Parade or England Lane, may lack its old panache. My recent observations of Edinburgh life suggest that the Scottish male has become less clannish, in the literal sense of the word, and so is less eager to flaunt the philabeg. There were years when the Caledonian culture-hound was glad to mingle the show of tartan with the feast of art. The kilted egg-head was one of my favourite festival exhibits. Must he dwindle into trousers?

Of course there are some Edinburgh folk who pass from fright to flight when the flags go up and the arts are assembled. Some of the solid citizens of Morningside or the West End find it difficult to sustain prolonged addiction to the cosmic culture that is flowing in from air and railway terminals. There are balletophobes as well as balletomanes. There are those who, while never admitting the absence of music from their souls, do, in late August, prefer the breeze on the moors to the wood-wind in the Usher Hall. There are those—and can we blame them?—who object to being crowded off the pavements of their own city, as the myriads mill round the tea-shops and queue for tickets for the night's diversions.

IN its eleventh year the festival is naturally beginning to feel the embarrassments of success. For one thing is certain to happen wherever the arts are practised and discussed. We can be sure that a lot of people will say that everything ought to be a lot better. There is nothing so constant as the demand for change. So, round about August 20 of each summer, "grouse" shooting begins on the slopes of George Street. But it is only the sport of the few.

The vast majority of those who go to the festival, either Southerners and foreign visitors rushing up or Scots pouring in, do not grumble at all. People who pay for their seats are usually the last to complain. Even if they do not like what they get for their money, they do not wish to confess that they have been sold a pup or are the material of which monkeys are made. It is always those in the "complimentary" pews who pay the fewest compliments.

So, while the house full notices proclaim that the festival is as magnetic as ever, the talk will go on and the cry will go up that something new is needed. The programme-makers certainly welcome suggestions of any reasonable kind, but, as always, it is much easier to demand a novelty than to name it.

The original pattern has been kept. From the first this was to be an international festival with Scotland contributing only where the Scottish product could be fairly said to make the grade amid the high cosmopolitan standards.

This year the policy of arts-across-the-sea is being carried out to the full. Who can say that insularity is creeping in when those who join the dance are the Royal Swedish Ballet, the Grand Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas, and the Ritual Dances of French Equatorial Africa? We shall hope that the Scottish climate will be on its best behaviour and give a not too frigid welcome to the Equatorians. Why should it not? I well remember the first festival in 1947 when Edinburgh was sun-scorched and the amazed invaders, who had brought their mink and mufflers, according to their income brackets, found themselves panting for cooling streams when heated in the cultural chase.

WITH opera from Milan, orchestras from Amsterdam and Munich, and drama (the Compagnie Renaud-Barrault) from Paris, the invited invaders are widely representative. The Scots have two of their orchestras (National and B.N.C.) included; and at the little Gateway Theatre a play by that intensely Scottish dramatist, Robert McLellan,



NINA MILKINA, with an impression of Edinburgh as background; symbolizes the Festival's artistic importance. She is to play with the New Edinburgh Quintet

SERGE GOLOVINE and Nina Vyroubova, of the Marquis de Cuevas Ballet, in its new Chinese work, "Song Of Unending Sorrow," with music by Christopher Headington







THE ROYAL SWEDISH BALLET'S Verner Klausen, Caj Selling, Kenneth Petersen and Gunnel Raudin, in "Cupid Out Of His Humour," to the music of Purcell

LESLIE HURRY designed this dress (right) for Jonathan Griffin's verse drama "The Hidden King," a contemporary myth in a Renaissance setting, at the Assembly Hall



be on view. McLellan writes amid the peaks of Arran and uses the Scottish lexicon. His piece is called *The Flowers o' Edinburgh* and it will not be left to bloom in solitude. Scottish audiences pack the Cowgate at Festival (and other) times since they can there support the native theatre with confidence and can do so for pleasure as well as for patriotism's sake.

The chief display of painting this year has Monet as the master-attraction. That should indeed be a rich addition to the rooms of the Royal Scottish Academy, a body which, the English critics often say, put up a better Summer Exhibition of today's work than does England's Burlington House. That feat does not strike one as impossible. The other and mobile form of picture will be as international as ever, for the Edinburgh Film Festival draws on cameras from pole to pole and from China to Peru.

The drama policy this year concentrates on the contemporary. The Old Vic will not be there and to the ancient cry of "Whaur's your Willie Shakespeare noo?" the answer must be that the Bard is "oot." That will hardly worry the English, amply supplied in that line in London and at Stratford.

INTERNATIONALISM will be prominent. Henry Sherek offers *A Man Of Distinction*, a comedy from the German of Walter Hasenclever with Anton Walbrook and Moira Shearer; the English Stage Company provides a political farce by J-P. Sartre, called *Nekrassov*; M. Barrault brings along the now inevitable Anouilh and the less frequent Claudel.

The drama policy this year concentrates on the contemporary. England, however, will hold the great open stage at the Festival Hall with *The Hidden King* by Jonathan Griffin. The theme, however, fully keeps up the international idea: it is announced as "a contemporary myth in a Renaissance setting." The story concerns King Sebastian of Portugal who vanished after the battle of Alcazar.

There remains, however, the invincible tattoo whose torch no wet nights on the windy Castle Esplanade can extinguish. And, of course, there will be the Highland Games on the fringe and the incomparable Edinburgh skyline at the centre. The night view of the flood-lit castle floating like a flying tea-set above the dark, invisible Rock is always a

finer piece of free-for-all spectacle than even the most theatrical producer could lay on.

Much is justly said about the good deeds of classic Edinburgh's "New Athenian" builders, the Adams, Playfair, and the rest. But they were starting on a wonderful foundation. Nature, when it knocked up the rocks and ravines of the stony Heart of Midlothian, was itself being a considerable and accommodating architect.

STONY-HEARTED? Only in the geological sense. Edinburgh, despite all the usual jibes about the aloofness of its citizens, becomes warmly receptive at festival time. Where else do taxidrivers leap out to open the door for you and offer cordial thanks for a modest tip which would leave the London driver silent or even snarling?

No, not stony-hearted. Nor even tight-fisted. The Scot has been regarded as what P. G. Wodehouse has called "a prince of non-partners." But Edinburgh does "part" for its festival and opens its purse without a grumble. Even those of its people who like the festival least and discover that their heart is in the Highlands when culture is in the capital, pay up and look pleasant.

For the ratepayers must do their bit. While railways, hotels, buses, taxis and shops surely profit by the arrival of the artists, there is still a bill to meet, even with Arts Council support and with nearly every "house" sold out for music, drama and the dance.

There is one inevitable gainer in prestige and loser in finance. Prima donnas are costly birds. Or at least their companions and accoutrements are costly to carry about the world. Grand opera, however expensive the seats, is bound to be a grand liability.

It is worth remembering that, when the festival was first mooted, Glyndebourne was consulted and provided a most efficient director in Rudolf Bing. Glyndebourne, home of opera, modestly suggested leaving opera out. It might be too costly. But Edinburgh, with the costs to face, insisted on bringing opera in. The city's plan was for the very best, no omissions, and damn the consequences.

So it has gone on and will go on. There has been nothing skimped. The traditional cult of the canny has no place around the castle when August comes round.



## Racing

# BIG MONEY IN YORK FIXTURE

*Ballymoss, which will run in the Voltigeur Stakes, seen (below) coming in second in the 1957 Derby. The Queen's Pall Mall (right) is a fancied runner for the Gimcrack*



IN becoming the first race meeting in England to stage three £10,000 races on successive days, this August York fixture has justified its reputation for progress. The Ebor Handicap (August 21) had attracted 108 entries by its close in June, and there seems sure to be a mammoth field for a prize which will total nearly £12,500. The successful Newmarket trainer, Sam Armstrong, has long had this race in view for his Irish importation, No Comment, winner of the Tote Investors' Cup at Haydock Park in May.

Another ex-Irish horse to remember is Sir Hugh Nugent's Diamond Slipper, who was beaten by only a neck by Rich Bloom for the Sandown Stakes at Ascot last month, when carrying two pounds overweight.

A number of St. Leger candidates, including possibly Crepello, may be seen out for the Voltigeur Stakes, named after the great horse owned by an ancestor of the present Marquess of Zetland, who ran a famous match on this course against The Flying Dutchman more than a hundred years ago. The fame of the two horses was such, and the wagering so hectic between their partisans, that a crowd of more than 100,000 turned out to see these Yorkshire champions. One certain starter for this St. Leger trial will be the Irish-trained Ballymoss, owned by the millionaire Philadelphia contractor, Mr. John McShain. If Crepello is absent, Ballymoss, second to Sir Victor Sassoon's colt at Epsom and easy winner afterwards of the Irish Derby, should land this valuable prize.

The Gimcrack Stakes, on the third afternoon, also takes its name from a bygone champion. Foaled in 1760, Gimcrack won 27 races, although he stood no more than fourteen hands high, according to contemporary reports. He must have been a hardy customer, for he went on winning races until he was eleven years old.

Mrs. Elsie Foster broke tradition when becoming the first woman to own the winner since the inception of this race in 1846. History may repeat itself this month—for the Queen is likely to have a fancied runner in Pall Mall, and Mrs. J. A. Mullion, whose husband has big shipping interests in the Far East, is sending Hard Tack over from Ireland. The neatly named Hard Tack—he is by Hard Sauce out of Cowes—has won both his races in a hack canter, and has the reputation of being the fastest two-year-old trained on the other side of the Irish Channel.

ANOTHER unbeaten two-year-old which has been held in reserve for York is Mr. Bartholomew's bargain filly, Munch, who cost only £500 as a yearling. Some racegoers, indeed, think she may beat Col. Bernard Hörnung's Abelia, which she is more likely to do, however, over six furlongs than five.

When Munch won her first race, the Vyner Maiden Stakes at Doncaster in June, she upset odds of 3-1 laid on Major Lionel Holliday's None Nicer. Excuses were made for the runner-up that day, so here is yet another name to put in your York notebook.

Industry and enterprise have helped to promote the undoubted success of this August fixture, presided over by the Marquess of Zetland, whose famous colours, "The Aske spots," are so deservedly popular in the North.

Lord Zetland has for adjutant the extremely capable Major Leslie Petch, who has effected a vast number of improvements, both here and at Redcar.

His policy in putting up £10,000 for the Ebor Handicap has been sharply criticized in certain quarters. The critics feel that a prize of these dimensions weakens the races of a similar nature which are run during the preceding weeks. But that, surely, is not Major Petch's affair, and it will be surprising if a record-sized attendance does not throng the Knavesmire to take part in this three-day racing festival.

A new Newmarket fixture, Friday and Saturday, follows immediately after, and Messrs. Tattersall are then staging the first of their yearling sales. In years gone by these were held in July, but sellers complained that the prices were poor, as it was too early in the season to interest owners and trainers.

—Ormonde



## A ROYAL VICTORY OPENED GOODWOOD

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN was among the enthusiastic racegoers who saw her horse Almeria ridden to victory by W. H. Carr in the Bentinck Stakes on the first day of the Goodwood Meeting. Her Majesty is seen here with Capt. Boyd-Rochfort (right), who was Almeria's trainer



*Miss Cherry Burness, Mrs. E. Burness and Mrs. H. Whitelocke*

*Mrs. S. Raphael in conversation with Mrs. Peter O'Sullivan*



*Mrs. E. T. Chambers, Mrs. R. P. Matkin and Mrs. Martin Tate*

*Brig. D. Wingfield with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wingfield*



## Roundabout

# QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE WOODEN HORSE

**Harriet Lee**

THAT elegant, charming and amusing couturier, Charles Creed, is writing his autobiography. It promises to be a far less staid document than Norman Hartnell's—for Creed, whose mother was French, has a Gallic frankness and vivacity which are irrepressible. He confesses that, during a brief association with the fire brigade in the last war, he was laughingly known to the men in his section as "Piccadilly Charlie"—and that, though he has a vast and famous collection of model soldiers, he personally proved to be nothing of the kind when called up for military service. He was not, as it were, cut out for it.

While he admirably upholds his family's 250-year-old tradition of fine tailoring, he readily laughs at himself—and is pleasantly tolerant of the shortcomings and foibles of others.

The countess (American-Danish) who slapped his face at a disastrous dinner-party has long since been forgiven—and if he cannot quite forgive the people who complicate a tailor's life by ignoring their bills, he can, at least, philosophically comment: "The marked reluctance with which humanity pays for having its nakedness covered is rooted in the remote past—perhaps in the Garden of Eden where, of course, fig leaves were supplied gratis by the Management."

IT was this reluctance, specifically on the part of the citizens of Leicester, that drove Creed's great-great-great-grandfather, James Creed, to seek his fortune in London in the year 1710. He set up as a jobbing tailor in the City. By giving valets a commission on anything paid him by their masters, James Creed managed to make money. The family business was founded—and under his son and his son's son it prospered and gravitated westward. It was flourishing at 33 Conduit Street when Creed's grandfather, the shrewd and polished Henry Creed, took it over.

Henry Creed tailored exclusively for men of fashion—among them the dashing, profligate comte d'Orsay, who introduced him to the French aristocracy and the French royal family, exiles in this country. Persuaded by them that he would do well in Paris, he opened an establishment there in 1850 and divided his time between London and the French capital.

He did not normally tailor for women, but for the Empress Eugénie, a brilliant horsewoman, he constructed (his word) a series of "amazones" which she showed off to such advantage that Queen Victoria ordered one for herself—though she, of course, used the less romantic term, "riding-habit." To facilitate fittings for Her Majesty, Henry Creed had a wooden horse specially built for him and solemnly carried into Buckingham Palace by two of his men. It might have caused a flicker of alarm, but apparently nobody at Court had been encumbered with a classical education or even so much as heard of the Trojan War.

DURING the years that followed, the House of Creed enjoyed more royal patronage than any other. The clientele of Charles Creed's father, another Henry Creed, included most of the crowned heads of Europe. This fabulous man travelled all over the Continent with a retinue of twenty "hands"—doing business with his royal customers in their own courts, at their own convenience and "by appointment."

The majority of Henry Creed's clients were men, but this was changed through a whim of the Duke of Alba, who was so delighted with a suit of his that he ordered a matching one for



DAME MARGOT FONTEYN opened White Lodge, Richmond, as the new home of the Royal Ballet School. White Lodge, once a royal residence, will be open to the public until the end of the month, and various drawings, designs and sculpture will be on show. With her is Viscount Soulbury, Governor of the School

BRENDA BOLTON, born in Sydney, is one of the leading ballerinas of the junior Royal Ballet (formerly the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet); she is well known in the roles of Poll in *Pineapple Poll* and Beatrice in *The Haunted Ballroom*. The company will give a short season at the Royal Opera House at Christmastime







### NAIL IN MY COFFIN

Fatal the passion that made me a slave,  
Futile and foul are the kisses I crave;  
But I'll end it forever, I'll try to forget,  
When I've had one more cigarette.

My mouth is a birdcage, the floor is my tongue,  
That thing like a kipper is really my lung;  
But I'll give up the habit, I will, even yet,  
When I've had one more cigarette.

Nail in my coffin, so white and so thin!  
I am a fool to keep knocking you in.  
You think you can kill me? How much do you bet?  
I'll just have one more cigarette.

—Sydney Carter

the duchess. Among the women who flocked to Henry Creed for suits, before World War One, were the actress Réjane, the Grand Duchess Vladimir of Russia, the Infanta of Spain, Mary Garden, Gaby Deslys, the Queen of Italy—and Mata Hari, who went to her execution and was shot in a Creed suit. “A little panache on such an occasion is highly creditable,” remarks Creed, ending this golden-era chapter: “And as one never knows whom one will run into or what criticism one may encounter in the next world, it’s as well to set out for it sartorially, at any rate, above reproach.”

★ ★ ★

FROM Elizabeth Bowen’s delightful review of Evelyn Waugh’s latest novel, *The Ordeal Of Gilbert Pinfold* (which I have not yet read), I gather that “hearing things”—as opposed to “seeing things”—can be a hideous and intolerable torture. Yet I recall my own solitary experience in this direction with nothing but pleasure.

A friend of mine had asked me to look over a country house which she had been told was for sale: there was, she said, a resident caretaker who would show me round. I drove down to the place one hot summer afternoon: the house and grounds drowsed in the sun—but, from the walled garden, away off on the right, came the bright voices of very young children at play.

The caretaker, a comfortable, calm-eyed old body, admitted me to the cool dark hall of the house, from which a handsome staircase ran up to a gallery. “The dining-room is this way,” she said, moving down a passage on the left. I paused for a moment, admiring the stairs, and suddenly and distinctly a baby crowed with laughter in one of the rooms upstairs.

“Who lives here?” I asked the caretaker. “Nobody but me,” she replied placidly. “But I hear children,” I said. “Yes—I often

hear them myself,” said the caretaker: “They used to live here—but that’s years ago. Twenty-five years, about.”

“You mean they’re dead—they’re ghosts?” I said, catching my breath. She smiled cosily: “No, they’re alive all right—men and women grown, by now. It’s like this: the house was built by a young man who was born deaf. He married a girl who had lost her hearing at seventeen through scarlet fever: he met her at a school for lip-reading. They were very happy and they had four lovely children, all perfectly normal. Well, you see, they never heard their babies’ voices—so there they are, just hanging in the air. Happy little voices. It’s a lovely sound, isn’t it—children laughing?”

I looked at her in amazement. She really believed the baby voices, because unheard by the parents, were still audible to those who had ears to hear. If I had not heard them myself, I would have thought her mad. But was it so strange? In a world whose scientists only the other day promised to show us (magic phrase) “the scintillation of invisible stars”—isn’t anything possible?

★ ★ ★

IVAN FOXWELL, the film producer, suffers from insomnia when working on a picture, and has an odd habit of getting up at some unearthly hour and travelling hither and yon about London on the top of the first, or workmen’s, buses. As he is currently scripting his next picture (to be based on Francis Clifford’s best-seller, *Overdue*), he is off on his jaunts again. He reports that early morning bus-top conversation has sadly deteriorated. Where earthy ribaldry prevailed, a gloom has descended, a *Weltschmerz* is detectable. The only good “overheard” he could recall was this mournful one: “There aren’t any families any more—only skiffle groups.”



BRIGGS

by Graham



## COWES WEEK

*Gayest and most festive  
of all yachting fixtures*

FIRST-CLASS sailing weather favoured the famous Cowes Week. No participant was keener in his waterproofed overalls than the Duke of Cornwall who, with his father Prince Philip at the helm, is seen above in the cockpit of Bluebottle when it competed in the twelve-mile Dragon Class race. Also aboard are Mr. Uffa Fox, the yacht designer, and (back to camera) Lt.-Cdr. A. T. Easton

*Miss Josephine Keliher and  
Mr. John Impey*

*Mr. and Mrs. Michael Bridges Webb  
with Mr. Christopher Lever*

*Mr. and Mrs. William Gale  
from Sydney*







*The  
TATLER  
and  
Bystander.  
AUGUST 14,  
1957  
285*

*Mrs. Henry Whitefield, Mrs. Henry Chisholm,  
Miss Diana Whitefield*



*Mr. Kenneth Preston, Sir Geoffrey Lowles, Sir Douglas Harries,  
Mr. Kenneth Poland and Mr. Hugh Somerville starting a race*



*Mrs. Geoffrey Gilbert and Mrs. E. Ellsworth  
Jones at the Royal London Yacht Club*



*Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Stratton and Mr.  
Hugh Way*

*Major R. N. Macdonald-Buchanan's Kaylena takes full  
advantage of the wind in the 12-metre handicap event*



*Mr. and Mrs. Simon Tail  
were enjoying the Week*

*Rodney and Clive Macleod  
Wallace, Mr. Bruce Snelling*

*Mrs. H. R. Freemantle, Miss Ann Gillham  
and her mother, Mrs. H. F. Gillham*



## SALZBURG'S FESTIVAL

THE 1957 SALZBURG FESTIVAL opened with a performance of Mozart's "Marriage Of Figaro." Irmgard Seefried and Dietrich Fischer Dieskau are seen in the roles of Susanna and of the Graf Almaviva



### Priscilla in Paris

## HAUTE COUTURE IN A QUIET CITY

FRIENDS have been writing to express their wonder and regret that I am staying in town so late this year. It does not occur to them that I may be doing so for choice. One writes from a quiet hamlet in Normandy: "We were caught in such a down-pour yesterday that we almost had to abandon the car and swim for it!" Another was held up, blocked by the snow, at the Col de l'Iseran in the Alps. Not very encouraging! Paris, on the other hand, is extraordinarily restful. There are no great extremes of temperature ("at time of writing" must be hastily added) and I have the curious impression that time seems to have marched backwards. Motor buses are as sedate as the limousines of the nineties. Taxi drivers are quite pleasant about driving to Neuilly at the *déjeuner* hour. Horse-drawn *fiacres* ("Jaune avec un cocher blanc" as Yvette Guilbert used to sing) are sometimes seen on the boulevards. Certain shop windows, wishful to cater for the timorous visitor, display goods that make one dream of the emporia of Perigueux or Nogent le Rotrou. The *agents* of police are benign. Waiters are sympathetic when shabby young tourists order "one-portion-for-two" and skilfully see to it that one IS sufficient for two!

JUST now it is at the dress shows that the familiar "air" of Paris can be found. When I say "air" it is really the same old "fug" that one finds nowhere else than at the first showing of a *haute couture* "collection," but since "fug" is rather a disparaging term let it be described as a *fug de luxe*. It is compounded of expensive scent and what the French call "blonde" tobacco that struggle with a stronger, warmer mixture of masculine hair lotion and a faint hint of Russian leather; at moments this yields to a refreshing odour of fresh flowers, fruit juice (laced with something a little stronger) and, quite frequently, champagne. The blend of these diverse ingredients is not unpleasant. Simple souls have been known to find it enjoyable and rather exciting in its suggestion of *la grande vie* paraphrased by a modern Ouida.

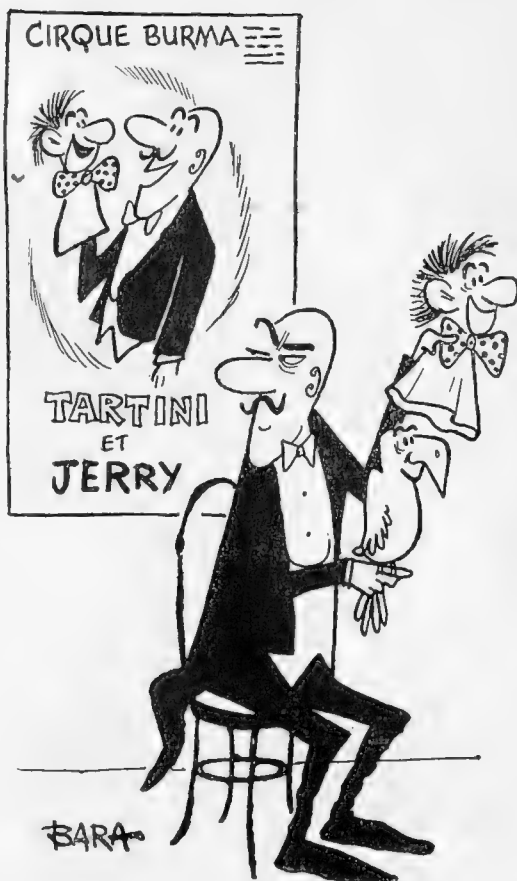
Georges Carpentier, the great boxer of the early days of this century, is a newcomer to the world of fashion. After he retired from the ring he made one or two appearances on the stage. He was too handsome a lad and too nimble on his feet not to have been a success but he quickly realized that the footlights held no appeal for him when he was on their blinding side. He was a business man at heart and not a grease-paint artist.

THAT his business début was in hardware amused the public. His saucepans and kitchen gadgets were a source of mirth and inspiration to the revue song-writer but it was their hard-wearing excellence that delighted the housewives and added to Georges' fortune. Now he is business manager and adviser to his young wife who, under her maiden name of Brigitte Massis, has opened a ready-to-wear boutique. Until her marriage Mme. Carpentier was one of Jacques Heim's loveliest mannequins and the *haute couture* has no secrets that she does not know.

Georges criticises, counsels and carefully counts. He may not know the difference between a "box" and a "knife" pleat but he has a great knowledge of form. "Under his guidance," says Brigitte, "shapes will be normal and waists will remain where, most comfortably, they can be spanned by an arm!"

### *Presque sans souci . . .*

•I never regret the foolish things I have done in my youth, but only that I now am unable to do them!







Tom Blau

## From Existentialism in Paris to filming in Hollywood

JULIETTE GRECO, perhaps best known as the torch-singer of Existentialism, has been offered a generous contract by Darryl F. Zanuck. Before filming in Hollywood, Mlle. Greco is to take a leading part in "The Naked Earth," which will be shot in Africa. She is an actress of considerable ability and played in "Anastasia," since filmed with Ingrid Bergman, during the play's successful run in Paris



### At the Theatre

## TUNEFUL SHADE OF MISS AUSTEN

"MEET ME BY MOONLIGHT" (Aldwych Theatre). Above: Smith and Perkins (Helen Jessop and Derek Tansley) watch from behind the green baize door the matchmaking machinations of Aunt Tabitha (Sophie Stewart) who is delighted when her nieces' papa (Ellis Irving) brings home a young and pompous barrister (Michael Denison), a worthy lamb for the slaughter. Below: Mary Ellen the Victorian heroine (Sonia Graham) is serenaded by her romantic admirer (Jeremy Brett). Drawings by Glan Williams



THE new piece at the Aldwych, *Meet Me By Moonlight*, is a burlesque of love among the antimacassars in Good Queen Victoria's golden days. You may object that this is something you have seen a great many times already, and to that there is nothing to say except that the author has a likeable way with his familiar material and is happy in his choice of the sentimental period ditties that help the story along.

Mr. Anthony Lesser's manner remains likeable even while he has the hardihood to appropriate situations from *Pride And Prejudice*. The matchmaking spinster is a sort of Mrs. Bennet with three nieces to marry off in place of daughters, the shrewdly watchful papa is a Mr. Bennet cut in cardboard, and the disdain of the eligible suitor for the spirited heroine is the disdain of Darcy. It is something, after all, that the characters of a modest musical should come of good family, though Mr. Lesser really should not have laid impious hands on what is the best comic proposal in literature. He would probably plead that his story as it falls out makes the temptation irresistible.

Mary Ellen is the eldest of three daughters of a prosperous provincial family in 1884. She is a girl of spirit and though she has already reached the age of twenty-one she has not found it possible to accept any of the proposals of marriage that have been made to her. And since none of her younger sisters can be wooed until Mary Ellen is respectably committed, their plight is piteous.

DOWN from town to talk business and to play billiards with the father of the house comes Charles Cuttinghame—a rising barrister, an elegant young man of the great world and, what is even more important, a bachelor. Mary Ellen is for the time interested in a suitor of whom her aunt highly approves, but, such is the perverseness of life, the eligible suitor gets it into his head that the heroine is provincial.

She is naturally hurt to the quick, and, as though to prove to the audience that she is nothing of the sort, she at once sits down at her piano to play "Meet Me By Moonlight" in the gloaming. Out of the garden there instantly springs a romantic lover to present her with her nightly rose. It is never quite clear how long this affair has been going on, though the rose garden (Mr. Eliot's symbol for the ecstasy of romantic love) is said to have lost a great many roses; or how serious it was ever intended to be. But it is a pretty little scene, and in a way prepares us for the bigger scene in which the disdainful barrister has second thoughts about the girl he has written down as provincial.

He makes a declaration to Mary Ellen rather like the declaration that Mr. Collins made to Elizabeth Bennet. It has the same bland and innocent self-approval, the same lack of magnetism or understanding of the girl's feelings, the same almost idiotic reasonableness; and it meets with the same contemptuous response. Like Mr. Collins, the barrister, innocently floundering farther and farther into the mire, cannot believe that his generous offer of marriage has been rejected; and when he realizes the truth he is dumbfounded.

It is at this point that Mr. Lesser breaks from the tutelage of Jane Austen, and his play at once improves. The humbled suitor and the romantic from over the garden wall have an excellent scene of comedy as stiffly watchful rivals. Something happens to bring them together, and the prosaic lawyer consents to take lessons in lovemaking from the romantic, as the result of which he himself goes romantically haywire and of course carries the heroine away.

Mr. Michael Denison, who has been a little stilted as the prig, becomes great fun as soon as he turns from pomposity to romantic bravura. The mysterious romantic is Mr. Jeremy Brett, and he is from first to last first-rate. Miss Sophie Stewart plays the match-making spinster with bright charm, and Miss Sonia Graham and Miss Stephanie Voss are the respectable young ladies who even with the weapons at their disposal get their man. Mr. Ellis Irving is the making of the inevitable musical evening with a delicate burlesque rendering of Longfellow's "I Shot An Arrow Into The Air."

—Anthony Cookman





## MR. HOWERD IN FARCE

FRANKIE HOWERD, whose humour, pugilistic, cunning and hangdog, is as British as Bow Bells, has gallicized himself as the hen-pecked husband-on-the-loose in "Hotel Paradiso," now on tour. Adapted from Feydeau's farce, the play was revived in London last year with Alec Guinness in the lead. Mr. Howerd will play Bottom at the Old Vic during the coming Christmas season

*Photograph by Vivienne*

# THE BALL AT GOSFIELD

A GEORGIAN BALL was held at the part-Elizabethan and part-Georgian Gosfield Hall, Essex, to help the Gosfield Hall Appeal for a residential nursing home for the elderly sick and infirm of limited means. About 350 guests danced in the beautiful ballroom, or walked in the long Elizabethan Gallery or in the garden. This fine house was once the home of the Courtauld family



*Miss Harriet Crittall and Mr. Nicholas Drummond*



*Miss J. Dareson,  
Miss B. Mellor, A*



*Miss Mary Tr  
Intony Jones-*



*Miss Ruth Werfel and Mr. Stanley Harries dancing a foxtrot*



*Miss Cynthia Hill was partnered by Mr. Richard Watson*



*Mrs. Johnstone and Mr. Stuart Johnstone were two others dancing*

*Mrs. John Cregan and Lord Abinger*

*The Earl of Euston, Mrs. and Mr. W. Harries*

*Lady Abinger and Mr. John Cregan*







Mr. C. Rueff, Mr. W. Fernie,  
de Selincourt, Mr. J. Hemming



Mr. Emerson Griffith, Miss Valerie Dean, Mr.  
John Williams and Miss Sheila Walkling



Mr. Philip Herring and Mrs. Herring were  
here in company with Mrs. Freddy Harries



Mr. John Coates, Mr.  
E. Hyde Parker



Mrs. Fordhan, Mr. Jeremy Fordhan, Miss  
Gillian Gosling and Mr. Guy Lyster



Mrs. Butler Adams, Mrs. Rose, Mr. Stuart  
Rose and Mr. Algernon Borthwick

John Crowl sitting out with Miss Valerie Richardson

Mr. Thomas Birley, Mrs. Birley and Mr. Peter Harrison

A. V. Swaabe



## At the Pictures

# METHOD IN MADNESS



ROD STEIGER, as a ruthless international financier in *Across The Bridge*, points the moral of small crimes leading to greater. From prosperity in New York (above) he becomes a penniless outlaw in Mexico (below), hunted by his past and the determined C.I.D.



ALMOST any amateur psychiatrist—and what a lot of them there are—will tell you that a person's mannerisms spring from something in (or on) the mind. You know the sort of thing: the woman who twists the pearls about her neck is mentally strangling the man who gave them to her—or the fellow who plays with lighted matches is mentally burning his wife at the stake.

The mannerisms with which Mr. Rod Steiger invests any character he plays spring from a conscientious study of The Method—and, when they do not stand out as painfully as a dislocated toe, they are quite effective as indications of the personality he has assumed. In *Across The Bridge* he is first seen stealthily rubbing a thumb and forefinger together behind his back. You guess this means he is a nasty, money-mad type who enjoys nothing more than counting ill-gotten banknotes in secret? Right. How clever you are.

Mr. Steiger is a German financier with a British passport who, having pulled off a crooked deal involving millions on the New York stock exchange, finds it expedient to take the first train to Mexico, where he has a considerable fortune salted away. En route he half murders a fellow-passenger, robs him of his passport and, with the aid of a little burnt cork, changes his own appearance to suit the passport photograph.

It is frightfully disconcerting for Mr. Steiger to find, on arrival, that he has inadvertently assumed the identity of a wanted assassin—the man, in fact, who bumped off the last Mexican President. To persuade the Mexican chief of police, Mr. Noel Willman, that he is guiltless of this crime, Mr. Steiger is forced to reveal himself as a mere embezzler.

Mr. Willman sees a chance for a little profitable blackmail. Mr. Steiger's own passport has come into his possession and he will withhold it and detain him in Mexico until he parts with the million dollars he has stashed in a local bank. "I will die first," says Mr. Steiger angrily. "Very possibly," says that knowing Mr. Willman. And he does. Mr. Bernard Lee, a solid detective-inspector from Scotland Yard, and a co-operative, sad-eyed dog named Dolores, bring Mr. Steiger to a sticky end.

Mr. David Knight is effective in the unsympathetic rôle of an informer and, under the able direction of our Mr. Ken Annakin, Mr. Steiger keeps his mannerisms well in hand and convincingly descends from bombast to despair. From The Method point of view, I think he makes one bad slip: I do not believe any wolf of Wall Street could pick up a newspaper without glancing at the financial column. Mr. Steiger looks at nothing but the front page.

DISMISS from your mind all memories of the divine Garbo in *Ninotchka*, and you will find *Silk Stockings*—a musical re-make of that enchanting film—a most enjoyable and lively piece of entertainment. Charming Miss Cyd Charisse plays the dour, dowdy Soviet official who, under the influence of Paris and Mr. Fred Astaire, blossoms out into gay and delectable femininity.

There are some pleasing Cole Porter songs, the dance routines are immensely spirited, and Mr. Peter Lorre, once so sinister, clowns affably as a Communist who succumbs to the lure of Capitalism—while bouncy Miss Janis Paige, as a wacky film star, puts over a number about Stereophonic Sound in a voice that convinces one that, as far as she is concerned, Stereophonic Sound is strictly unnecessary.

IF Hollywood ever heard the Victorian song which ruled that "youth cannot mate with age," it has clearly forgotten about it: Miss Audrey Hepburn, who was paired off with Mr. Fred Astaire in *Funny Face*, is paired off with Mr. Gary Cooper in Mr. Billy Wilder's smooth light comedy, *Love In The Afternoon*. Personally, I don't mind: I still find Mr. Cooper madly attractive.

He plays a notorious millionaire philanderer, paying his annual visit to Paris—where M. Maurice Chevalier, a private detective, is hired by a suspicious husband (Mr. Richard Flagg—very funny) to keep an eye on him. Miss Hepburn is M. Chevalier's daughter—and not above adopting his technique of eavesdrop-





FELICIA FARR plays a leading role in *3.10 To Yuma*, a film set in nineteenth-century Arizona, and centred on the conflict of two strong personalities, an unscrupulous gunman and a lone ranger

AUDREY HEPBURN as the innocent music student daughter of private detective Maurice Chevalier finds herself involved with a middle-aged charmer in one of her father's cases in *Love In The Afternoon*

ping. She hears Mr. Flagy, his worst suspicions confirmed, declare that he will shoot Mr. Cooper in his suite at the Ritz that very afternoon.

Having studied her father's file on Mr. Cooper and concluded that he's too fascinating to die, Miss Hepburn nips round to the Ritz to warn him. Like me, she finds Mr. Cooper madly attractive—and Mr. Cooper, laying on caviare, champagne and gipsy music, ensnares her into having an affair with him. As she knows he has no intention of marrying her, she beguiles him with stories of her innumerable (imaginary) lovers and surrounds herself with a pretty little aura of mystery.

Mr. Cooper's curiosity is eventually piqued: he hires M. Chevalier to investigate her. One glimpses the approaching happy ending. If M. Chevalier cannot make an honest man of the philanderer, nobody can. Miss Hepburn, dewily innocent, is adorable. The film dawdles somewhat, here and there, but on the whole passes the time most agreeably.

MR. GLENN FORD plays a captured gunman, in *3.10 To Yuma*, and Mr. Van Heflin the impoverished farmer who, for the sake of the reward money, has undertaken to put him on the 3.10 train to Yuma, where he is to stand trial for murder.

The gunman has been caught several times before—and always, previously, his gang of cut-throats has succeeded in rescuing him. He assures Mr. Heflin they will do so again and that Mr. Heflin won't stand a chance of getting away. The farmer, not essentially a brave man, grimly hangs on to his prisoner for only one reason: he is desperately in need of money.

Mr. Ford, realizing this, spends the hours of waiting for the train in subjecting Mr. Heflin to a process of slow torture: while insisting that his ultimate escape is inevitable, he offers Mr. Heflin increasingly large bribes to release him now, before the trouble starts.

Mr. Delmer Daves, directing, has built up between the two men a tension to rival that of *High Noon*—but while that film drew to a convincing conclusion, this one ends on such an unlikely note that one wonders what all the excitement was about. Still, it's so well acted, it's worth seeing.

—Elspeth Grant



## Book Reviews

# WITH THE THEOSOPHISTS

"A MELODRAMA of the spirit" is, I see, how the publishers describe **Candles In The Sun** (Rupert Hart-Davis, 25s.). This strikes me as apt. Author, Lady Emily Lutyens—who in *A Blessed Girl* re-created for us her own girlhood, and, in *The Birth Of Rowland* her parents' young married days. With this third book (likely, I should not wonder, to be the most memorable of all) Lady Emily gives us something more austere than autobiography—the "I" is here, but in a special context. In her own words, *Candles In The Sun* "tells of my joining the Theosophical Society in 1910 and of how I came to leave it twenty years later; of the difficulties which my new faith caused in my domestic life and of the slow dissolution of that faith."

Lady Emily Lutyens was thirty-six when she entered the Theosophical orbit. She had been married for thirteen years and was the mother of five children. Unlike her architect husband, she was at the time of her meeting with Mrs. Annie Besant an orthodox, if not zealous, Christian. She was aware, however, of a vacuum nothing had so far filled, of a need for some dominant interest or activity. Sincere support of the women's suffrage movement did not carry her far: her sister Constance Lytton became a militant, she never. Equally, Lady Emily (somewhat to the disappointment of Edward Lutyens) had no use whatever for social life: nothing would persuade her to be a hostess. She tells us how, when in New Delhi she was constrained to play this rôle, there were such lengthy silences at her dinners that her husband added a blackboard top to the table and provided each of the guests with chalk—pauses could thus be filled in either by doodling or games of noughts-and-crosses between the plates.

THIS dry, wry attitude to her own failings, and dispassionate picture of herself gives merit to her book both as an annal and as a document. Not at the highest points of her exaltation, during those extraordinary twenty years, does Lady Emily seem to have been swept quite off her feet or fallen prey to hysteria. And Mrs. Besant, to whom she pays tribute, appears to have had an equally level head. On the whole, greater errors of judgment were chargeable to others in the movement: George Arundale, James Ingall Wedgwood, and the fantastic "bishop" C. W. Leadbeater. The scandalous rumours which for a time surrounded "C.W.L." were unfortunate—and, Lady Emily thinks, in the main unfair.

The central figure throughout is Krishnamurti—brought from India to England at the age of fifteen, hailed by Theosophy as the coming Messiah. And Lady Emily's tender and strange relationship with Krishnamurti, her portrait of him, the story of his training and development as she was able to watch it, from by



A LUNCHEON was held by the Royal Academy of Dancing at the Hyde Park Hotel at which Anton Dolin received the Coronation Award. Above, Miss Pamela May, Sir Gerald Kelly and Sir Kenneth Barnes



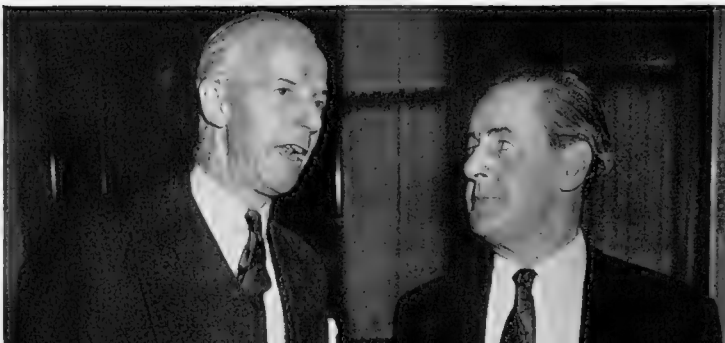
Miss Phyllis Bedells and Sir Gerald Creasy, formerly Governor of Malta



Mr. Frank Chamberlain with Madame Tamara Karsavina, of ballet fame

Sir John Maud and Sir Emrys Williams, Secretary-General of the Arts Council

Brian Worth







ANTHONY HECKSTALL-SMITH has just published a <sup>Mark Gerson</sup> thriller, "The Man With Yellow Shoes" (Wingate, 12s. 6d.)



MISS DINA WELLS HOOD, author of "Working For The <sup>Yevonde</sup> Windsors" (Wingate, 15s.). She is now at the Foreign Office

his side, constitute a restrained, tense drama. Inevitably (as she was later to see) her home life suffered from this devotion—though the influence proved totally for the good. In fact, Krishnamurti in his approach to purity was to transcend his followers: we are shown his gradual breakaway from the organization which had proclaimed him.

I maintain [he said] that truth is a pathless land, and you cannot approach it by any path whatsoever, by any religion, by any sect. That is my point of view, and I adhere to it absolutely and unconditionally. Truth, being limitless, unconditioned, unapproachable by any path whatsoever, cannot be organized.

I do not want followers. *I mean this.*

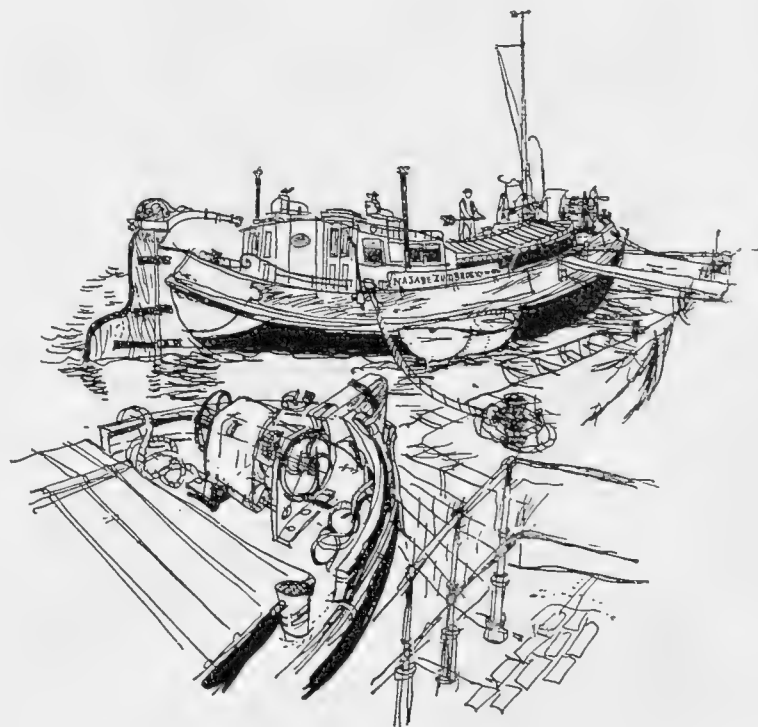
The main scenes of the story are England, India, Australia, California, with interludes in Holland and the Dolomites. In the Leadbeater passages, Lady Emily comes nearest to flickers of naughty humour. She describes community life in the Manor, a copper-lined house at Mosman, outside Sydney:

There were fifty-two people living at the Manor, of all nationalities, ages and types, who had come there with the sole idea of being guided by C.W.L. along the Path of Discipleship. . . . But probably the most honoured individual there was C.W.L.'s cat—a huge tortoiseshell which he always treated with the greatest reverence. . . . This was its last incarnation in the animal kingdom and already it was so unpleasantly human that I felt quite embarrassed when it wandered into my room while I was dressing.

★ ★ ★

OLIVIA MANNING'S **My Husband Cartwright** (Heinemann, 12s. 6d.) at once requires little recommendation and merits much! For here, assembled into a volume, are the *Punch* sketches which have, one by one, enthralled us. Dear, big optimistic Cartwright, for ever believing the best and so often "done"—he is owed his scoop in "Trip To Colombo." Seldom can any close-up portraiture have been so loving, so dry, so deft, so equably maritally philosophic or (not least, I think, of the virtues) so totally unembarrassing as Miss Manning's. To cap all, interlock of genius shows in the Len Deighton illustrations.

—Elizabeth Bowen



The drawings above and on the page opposite are by David Knight, and are taken from "Small Boat Through Belgium" (Macmillan, 21s.), Dr. Roger Pilkington's fascinating account of the intricate network of Belgium's waterways



Mil. Moltare

ALL by Du Barry Ltd., of Duke Street.  
Above, left: Rayon dogtooth check suit  
with adjustable plastron beneath the waist  
line, in black, brown or blue, Dickins and  
Jones; Copland and Lye, Glasgow; Dingle,  
Plymouth; 7 gns. Above, right: Nylon  
evening dress and coat in blue, black or  
red; the dress has a full adjustable skirt,  
£23 2s. approx., Marshall and Snelgrove

## CHIC CAMOUFLAGE

RIGHT: Square-collared brocade dress that  
can be worn loose or belted with a narrow  
tie or its matching stole, 14 gns., Marshall  
and Snelgrove, Copland of Glasgow.  
Opposite: Dress and jacket in embroidered  
lace and faille, in honey, black or white,  
£21 10s. 6d., Peter Jones, Brown Muff  
of Bradford, Whitehouse of Birmingham

Fashions by Isobel  
Vicomtesse d'Orthez













Michel Molinare

ABOVE: The young mamma wears a pale pink fine woollen bed jacket with a square neckline outlined in white ruffles' interlaced with satin ribbon, and the full yoke gathered at the shoulders, £3 10s. The toy panda costs 35s. 6d. On the left is a negligee to match the bed jacket, made in the same

## BEDTIME STORY

fine pink wool, price 7 guineas. The basinet is in crisp white organdie with an eyelet embroidery in pale pink, £49 19s. 6d. The baby hamper (right), £15 3s. 3d., is in wicker lined throughout with white chiffon. Everything on these pages, including the green and white chintz covered four-poster, comes from Harrods, Knightsbridge





LEFT: Weatherall's woollen dress with a button-through side opening is in green, red and white striped plaid, £18 7s. 6d., and has a matching coat (below) which can be worn loose or belted, £34 2s. 6d.: the matching plaid beret costs £2 12s. 6d.

## After-nursery look

RIGHT: Ideal as a maternity coat or for normal wear teamed with a slim skirt, this grey shorn-lamb jacket is hip length, has a flared back, semi-tailored collar and turn-back cuffs. It is obtainable from the National Fur Company, S.W.3, and is priced £36



ABOVE: This semi-fitted long coat in red face-cloth can also be worn belted or unbelted. It has a softly rounded collar and stitched flap pocket at the hip. Also obtainable from Weatherall, it costs £39 7s. 6d.











LEFT: Dobett's slim jersey wool dress and stole is a practical and charming choice for the countrywoman planning her autumn and winter wardrobe. In dark grey and white check, it has a plain high bodice; it costs 12 gns. at Paget, New Bond Street, obtainable at end of August

## LIFE IN THE COUNTRY

BELOW: This raglan coat in pale oatmeal wool is reversible in dark speckled tweed; price 15 gns., it comes with all other accessories from Marshall & Snelgrove. White felt hat, £5 19s. 6d., black calf bag, 6 gns., white suede nylon gloves, 25s. 6d., royal velvet beret (right), £5 19s. 6d.



CHOICE FOR  
THE WEEK



Cigarette container (holding 12), lighter and calendar combine to become a petrol-pump table-set. The House of Bewlay sells it for £12 12s.

## Some pleasant conceits

*WHETHER* we intended buying them or not—and being only human we inevitably succumb and do—novelties never fail to attract us. Those shown here are neat and clever to a degree.—JEAN CLELAND

These most unusual and attractive ashtrays depicting "The Queen's Beasts" are obtainable in two sizes, large, £1 5s., and small, 12s. 6d. Finnigans

Designed by the Marquess of Queensberry. Ashtrays, fishing fly motif, 8s. 4d.; mandolin, 7s.; candy-box, £1 7s. 6d. House of Bewlay



This quaint, curious, yet wital charmingly shaped perfume bottle costs £1 7s. 6d. It is obtainable from Marshall & Snelgrove, W.1







Amusing as well as being useful is this novel umbrella stand. It is a cigarette container with ashtrays. It costs £2 12s. 6d. from the House of Bewlay

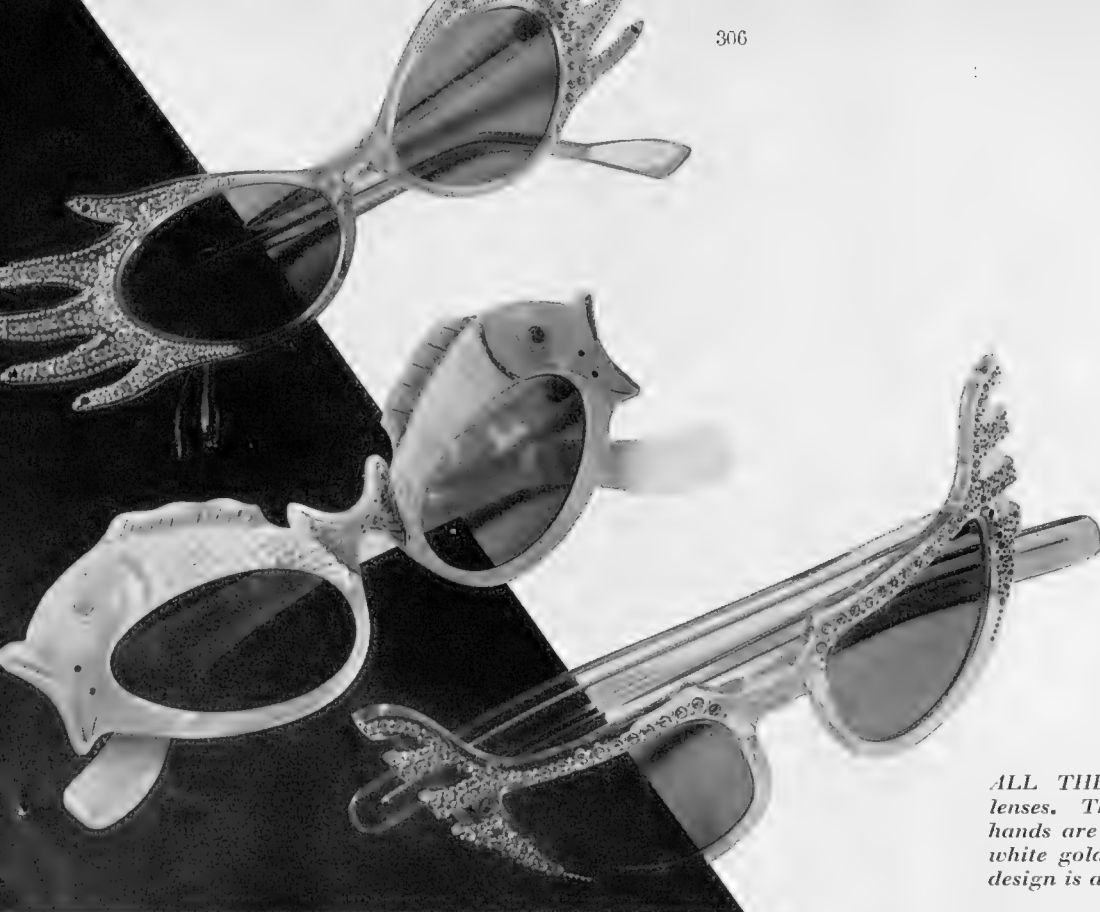
These novelty cases are for gloves and stockings. They cost 15s. each: the lingerie case is £1 5s. They are on sale at Fortnum and Mason



This silver chatelaine, complete with notebook, pincushion and scissor case, costs £5 5s. at the House of Bewlay



The "slide-away" hair or clothes brush packs away into the handbag. Debenham and Freebody, 5s. 11d.

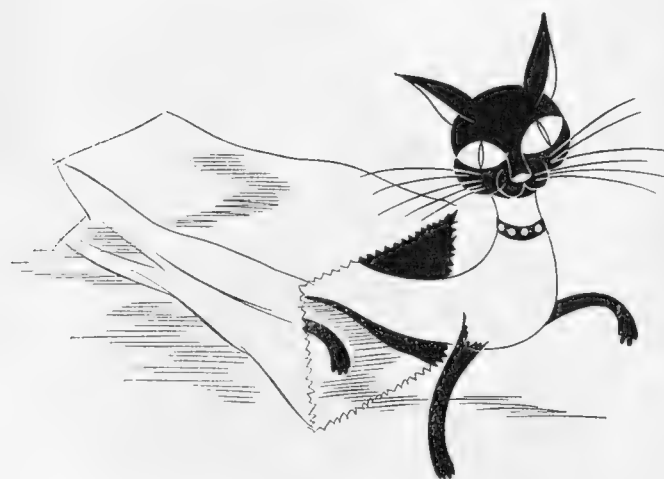


ALL THESE SUNGLASSES have optical lenses. Those with frames shaped like hands are £6 10s.; those like the black and white goldfish are £4 4s., and the gondola design is also £4 4s. Debenham and Freebody

Beauty

## Glamour in a mask

Jean Cleland



WITH every day that passes, more and more women are coming to appreciate the benefits derived from beauty masks. There are still, however, a considerable number who feel deep distrust for this particular form of treatment. From what I can gather, they regard it as a sort of conjuring trick.

This, of course, is nonsense. Masks do *not* perform instantaneous feats of magic, banishing lines, wrinkles, sagginess, and all manner of blemishes in the wink of an eye. They *do*, however, provide a quick and effective way of dealing with a variety of problems that do not respond easily to other forms of treatment.

For refining open pores, and correcting a skin which is inclined to be oily and in which the odd blackhead is sometimes present, there are two masks I would recommend. First of all there is Helena Rubinstein's "Special Pore Mask." The way to use this is to massage it right into the skin. As it tightens, you can feel it working on the relaxed pores and tightening them up. It loosens and draws out the blackheads—if any—and leaves the skin looking immeasurably clearer and lighter. Second: Elizabeth Arden's "Ardena Masque." The purpose of this is to stimulate and purify a dull skin which is subject to oiliness, blackheads, open pores and blemishes. You simply smooth it on, then leave until dry, which usually means about five to ten minutes. It should be removed with cotton wool dipped into lukewarm water. It leaves the skin firm and glowing, and wonderfully refreshed.

NEXT an astringent and deep cleansing mask for greasy or normal skins. One of the best I know for this is Lancôme's "Empreinte De Beaute." This mask is a little different from many others, in that it is almost liquid, and contains the stimulating elements of a regenerative cream. As the liquid contracts it forms a mask which gradually draws the tissues together, at the same time coaxing impurities from the skin. It should be left on for anything from 15 to 30 minutes, during which time it stimulates the circulation, and in doing so corrects the greasiness.

For a quick lift-up at the end of the day Charles of the Ritz make an excellent mask called "Revenescence." This provides a really swift pick-me-up, and is very simple to use when you are in a hurry.

FOR a "beauty cocktail" once or twice a week, or whenever you want to look your best, use Rubinstein's Youthifying herbal mask. This uplifts the contours, and has a generally bracing and refreshing effect on the neck and throat as well as on the face. It contains rare herbs, the combination of which has a very beautifying effect on the skin.

For a last minute refresher, there is Elizabeth Arden's "Ardena Velva Cream Masque" which has been described as a 15-minute rest cure for tired faces because it acts so quickly. Spread it on, leave till dry, remove with tepid water, then pat the skin with skin tonic before making up. As you go off to your evening festivities, you will be able to say to yourself with truth "I've well and truly saved my face."

For correcting puffiness under the eyes, and sagginess of the cheeks and neck, use Maria Hornès F.M.29 Mask. As it does its work, it reduces puffiness and sagginess, and leaves the skin firm, fresh and glowing.





*Wonderfully quiet, due to advanced engineering features developed by Lockheed, the Starliner sets a new standard in air travel*

IN ALL AVIATION HISTORY NO AIRLINER HAS GIVEN PASSENGERS THE SMOOTH, FLOATING RIDE THEY WILL GET IN THE GREAT NEW LOCKHEED STARLINER. CUSTOM BUILT FOR TWA-TRANS WORLD AIRLINES, THIS WORLD'S LARGEST, LONGEST RANGE LUXURY LINER ENTERS SERVICE IN JUNE ON TWA'S JETSTREAM FLIGHTS.

*The Starliner is a product of LOCKHEED'S CALIFORNIA DIVISION*

**LOCKHEED** *means leadership*

LOCKHEED LUXURY LINERS SERVE THE WORLD ON: Air France • Air-India International • Avianca—Colombian National Airways • California Eastern • Cubana • Dollar Associates • Eastern Air Lines  
Iberia—Air Lines of Spain • KLM—Royal Dutch Airlines • LAL—Italian Airlines • LAV—The Venezuelan Airline • Lufthansa—German Airlines • National Airlines • Northwest Orient Airlines • Pakistan International  
Qantas • Resort Airlines • Seaboard & Western • TAP—Transportes Aereos Portugueses • Thai Airways • The Flying Tiger Line • Trans-Canada Air Lines • TWA—Trans World Airlines • Varig Airlines of Brazil



## YACHT RACE AT POOLE

THE COPPA D'ITALIA Trophy was contested at Poole. Above: Gilliat V (A. Cadot), France, second, Yeoman V (Owen Aisher), Great Britain, and Twins VIII (Dr. Oberti), Italy, the winner

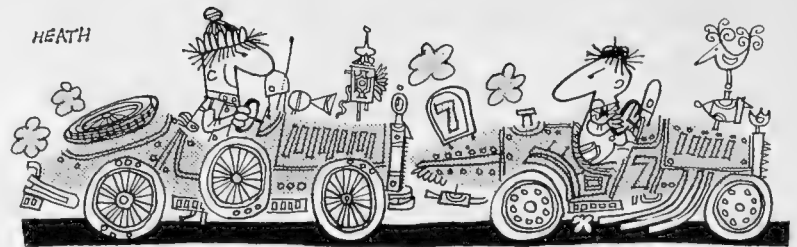


Col. H. E. Bradshaw, Mme. L. Cadot, Mme. H. Herbulot

Mr. and Mrs. Royce Turner and Mr. W. M. Reid

Mr. G. Gow, Major A. Hickman, Mrs. R. Vaughan-Jones, Mrs. A. Hickman, and Tessa Hickman

Victor Yorke



## Motoring

Oliver Stewart

# CATCHING UP THE STATES

IT was not surprising that some of the aphorisms of Sir William Rootes, when he was speaking in Zurich the other day, should have received such large publicity in the newspapers; for he contrived, as he often does, to summarize certain facts about modern motor transport in short, sharp, memorable phrases. Here I am not so much concerned with Sir William's ingenious parallels between automobiles and shields and lances, as with his theories and suggestions about motoring and shopping centres.

"Gradually," he said, "the old outlook in Europe—where the car was for so long regarded as a luxury—is changing and it is beginning to be recognized as an essential part of a modern, industrialized society. The motor car has become a psychological, social and economic necessity. Our aim is that every family in Europe should own at least one car. This will help in the development of shopping centres of the type already popular in the United States of America and Canada."

He added some statistics. The number of cars now registered in western Europe, he said, was only just over fourteen million, or about the number registered in the States in the year 1923. We were thirty-four years behind, but we were catching up. But the motorization of Europe was taking place in spite of official interference, rather than because of government encouragement. "I sometimes feel that some governments so actively discourage the use of motor cars and trucks because nobody wants to build any roads."

WHEN it emerged the other day that the sales of new cars to motorists at home had declined and that in the first half of the present year the total number was down by about 30,000 compared with last year, the other side of the picture was not made known. The Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders has now issued the figures and these show that, in the same period, the number of cars shipped was 205,000 which is 23,500 more than in the period January to June, 1956.

It is a little early, therefore, to predict, as some have done, the attainment of a "saturation point." In fact I think that this prediction is simply the expression of the wishes and hopes of those who have grown tired of over-crowded roads.

On this point I must revert for a moment to my favourite complaint, the major error that was made by the government in the siting of the new alternative airport for London at Gatwick. The Brighton road has been overloaded for years and becomes more overloaded every year. The division of British Railways that operates between London and Brighton is also overloaded.

When Gatwick airport comes into full operation both road and railway are going to be in a still worse plight. Sometimes spokesmen for the railways pretend that they will ease the traffic load on the roads by carrying the additional air passengers in the trains. But if there is a possibility of carrying more passengers—of adding to the seats available—why is action not taken at once?

## The R.A.C. suggests...\*

That you may be worried about "running-in" if you are taking delivery of a new car. A great deal of nonsense is talked about the subject and there is considerable misunderstanding of the speeds at which the car should be driven during its first 500 miles. The advice that speeds of 10, 15 and 30 miles per hour should be adhered to in first, second and third gears respectively, should not be taken too literally. More good than harm results from an occasional short burst at higher speeds, lasting only a few minutes, when the engine is running on light load.

\*This is the first of a helpful series of suggestions to motorists supplied by the Royal Automobile Club



# MORE *than meets the eye*



## **STYLE**

*To intrigue you*

## **PERFORMANCE**

*To excite you*

## **ECONOMY**

*To please your pocket*

## **COMFORT**

*To spoil you*

Your eye says 'yes'—its other virtues you will discover the moment you try it. Only a trial can reveal all the beauty of this exhilarating car. 1.4 litres, overdrive standard on third and top gears. Speeds around 90 m.p.h. £695 (P.T. £348.17.0). Whitewall tyres and overriders available as extras

# SUNBEAM RAPIER



A Product of

## **ROOTES MOTORS LTD**

Sunbeam-Talbot Ltd. Coventry. London Showrooms and Export Division: Rootes Ltd. Devonshire House, Piccadilly, London, W.1



with Autumn in mind . . .

. . . a practical, easy-to-wear coat to take you successfully on your Autumn travels. In a soft, resilient tweed in beautiful pheasant colourings. Hip sizes 36 to 42. **£26.15.6**

**JENNERS**  
PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH  
LIMITED

COAT DEPT.  
FIRST  
FLOOR



ERIC COATES, a composer of highly popular light music, and whose "Knightsbridge" is widely known, recently had his new march, "High Flight" played at the final performance of the B.B.C. Light Programme Music Festival. He is seen before a North Wales landscape painted by his late father-in-law, Francis Black

### The Gramophone

## SIR EDWARD'S HANDICAP

At the beginning of last year the circles musical in this country organized giant-size bicentenary commemorative celebrations to do the works of Mozart more than proud.

This year is memorable as the centenary of the birth of Sir Edward Elgar, and any effort to bring this to the notice of the general public by these self-same circles musical has been practically non-existent.

Appreciating that much connected with Mozart necessitates tiny, luxurious trips abroad, and that the farthest anyone might have to journey in search of Elgar associations would only be to the Cotswolds, this state of affairs is pretty shaming, especially as much of the finance for these circles musical comes to them via public funds!

Sir Edward Elgar was an old man when I had the privilege of meeting him, and my function here is to remind you of some of the important recordings of his works now available.

There is a very fine interpretation of *Falstaff*—Symphonic Study—Opus 68, played by the Philharmonic Promenade Orchestra conducted by Sir Adrian Boult. This work shows how profound a visionary Elgar was. It is, in its way, as great a composition as his *The Dream Of Gerontius*. The recording on this particular L.P. could scarcely be improved. (Nixa NCT 17003).

His Master's Voice re-issues as an L.P. the 1926 recording of the Royal Albert Hall Orchestra playing the Enigma Variations, the London Philharmonic Orchestra playing Serenade in E Minor recorded in 1933, and the 1933 B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra recording of the Cockaigne overture, each conducted by Sir Edward Elgar. (H.M.V. ALP 1464).

DECCA now present the new R.C.A. Orthophonic high fidelity recording technique, and a selection of many first-class performers and performances. Of these I select the Horowitz interpretation of the Beethoven Sonatas No. 14 ("Moonlight") and No. 21 ("Waldstein"), (R.C.A., RB 16010) and Harry Belafonte bringing stylish pleasure into "An Evening With Belafonte" (R.C.A. RD 27001). And once again it is most satisfying to be able to commend another record from that delightfully unassuming, unspoiled top-ranker, Eddie Fisher.

As he showed on a recent return visit to the London Palladium, there is something really adult in the approach he makes to the material he offers, and the Fisher treatment of "Slow Burning Love" and "A Second Chance" are precise examples of his artistry. (R.C.A. 1009).

—Robert Tredinnick



# RECENTLY MARRIED



**Palmer—Villiers-Smith.** Sir Geoffrey Palmer, son of the late Lt.-Col. Sir Geoffrey Palmer, and Mrs. R. W. B. Newton, of Carlton Curliu Hall, Leicestershire, married Miss Clarissa Mary Villiers-Smith, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Villiers-Smith, of Holly Cottage, Knockholt, Kent, at All Souls', Langham Place, London, W.1



**Harwood—Scott.** Lt. Stephen Chard Penny Harwood, Royal Navy, son of the late Admiral Sir Henry Harwood, and of Lady Harwood, of Goring, married Miss Julia Scott, daughter of Major F. G. Scott, of Steeple Aston, and the late Mrs. I. Scott, at St. Philip's Priory, Begbroke, Oxon



**Wharnccliffe—Bruce.** The Earl of Wharnccliffe, son of the Countess of Wharnccliffe and the late Earl of Wharnccliffe, of Carlton House, Wortley, near Sheffield, married Miss Aline Margaret Bruce, daughter of Mrs. R. F. D. Bruce and of the late Mr. R. F. D. Bruce, of Dyson Holmes House, Wharnccliffe Side, near Sheffield, at St. Mary's Church, Bolsterstone, near Sheffield, Yorkshire



**May—Bailey.** Mr. Richard Alistair May, son of Mr. and Mrs. Bertram May, of Rupert Place, Henley-on-Thames, married Miss Carol Susan Bailey, daughter of Mr. C. P. Bailey, of Astell House, S.W.3, and Mrs. Ian Coupland, of Wilton Crescent, S.W.1, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square



**Mather—Badham.** Mr. Peter Mather, younger son of the late Mr. C. J. Mather and of Mrs. Mather, of The Grange Farm, Barsham, Beccles, Suffolk, married Miss Margaret Badham, elder daughter of Col. B. Hume Badham, D.S.O., O.B.E., and Mrs. Badham, of Fleet, Hants, at Fleet



**Liesner—Boland.** Mr. Hans Liesner, son of Mr. and Mrs. Curt Liesner, of Schopenhauer Strasse 4, Hanover, married Miss Jane Frances Boland, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Boland, of Dublin, and East End Avenue, New York 21, at the Church of Our Lady, Lisson Grove, N.W.8



**Blackwell—Allsebrook.** Capt. John David Blackwell, Royal Tank Regiment, son of Brig. and Mrs. C. C. Blackwell, of Singapore, married Miss Susan Jean Allsebrook, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. H. Allsebrook, of Piper's Close, Cobham, Surrey, at the Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, W.C.2

## DINING OUT

## Lunch-time hospitality

WHEN I accepted an invitation to a lunch party being given by Mr. Curwain of Whitbread's, I was a trifle apprehensive when he told me it would be at the Royal Empire Society in Northumberland Avenue.

Societies have always terrified me and conjure up visions of listening to long lectures, discussions and even speeches, perhaps even having to make one with nothing but a glass of water available, so I was duly surprised when I was taken into a large, beautifully-panelled room with a smart bar and served with some first-class dry Martinis.

I was still surprised when I found myself in the finely panelled dining-room, with huge windows, which can seat more than two hundred people, where we enjoyed some excellent smoked salmon, roast chicken with bean shoots and new potatoes in parsley butter, followed by an old love of mine, treacle tart and cream.

The wine list is short, simple and very reasonable: Liebfraumilch Langenbach 1953, 15s. 6d. a bottle; Château Talbot (St. Julien) 1953, 16s.; and Burgundies and Bordeaux from 10s., but I settled for a bottle of South African Nederberg Riesling, which was good value at 10s.

Apart from *à la carte* there is a *table d'hôte* lunch at 6s. 6d. and dinner at 7s. 6d. What is more, if you are a member you can sleep where you eat, with room, breakfast and bath for 23s. (single) or 46s. (double). All this only two minutes' walk from Trafalgar Square—a great convenience in these crowded days—at £6 6s. a year subscription.

ANOTHER lunch party to which I was invited was one given by the 13 Club with Stanley Chandler in the chair. Invitations from this club are the sort which make one wriggle out of or cancel any appointments which one may have had for the day in question. Both the company present and the fare provided are always of outstanding quality.

This took place in the Penthouse Suite of the Dorchester on a hot day with blazing sunshine, and I cannot imagine a better place to enjoy aperitifs of hock, champagne or vodka with unlimited quantities of caviar or *pâté de foie gras* out on the balcony with London spread before you. After a menu of superb food accompanied by the wines Wehlener Sonnenuhr 1953 (estate bottling); Musigny 1949; Château Climens 1947, Barsac; and Hine Grande Champagne 1914 and Taylor's 1927, Mr. Chandler sent for the famous *maitre chef de cuisine*, M. Kaufeler, to take a glass of wine and receive congratulations.

I wish they would make it the 14 Club and let me join.

—I. Bickerstaff

## DINING IN

Rainy day  
preserves

OF all the fruits we put down for the winter, there is none to compare with peaches and pears. Wait for the yellow-fleshed Hale peach which should be along very soon now and seek out the medium-sized ones.

Peaches, in common with apples and pears, discolour when they have been peeled, so it is better to bottle a few jars at a time than run the risk of losing their good looks.

Use uncracked jars with smooth rims, smooth glass tops and new rubber rings. The screw bands should be completely lacquered or of aluminium. All should be well washed, rinsed, drained and dried.

First, get the syrup ready and let it not be too rich because a thick syrup tends to destroy the real flavour of the fruit. Good proportions are 6 to 8 oz. sugar to a pint of water. Stir the sugar in the water over a low heat until it is dissolved then, without further stirring, bring the syrup to the boil and boil for a minute. It should then be strained if necessary.

THERE are two ways of processing. First, I shall give the one I prefer. Have ready the sterilizer or whatever vessel is deep enough to hold the jars when the lid is on. In it, have a wooden rack to prevent the bottom of the jars coming in direct contact with the metal (which would certainly result in casualties) and very hot water a few inches deep.

Next, blanch the peaches. Lower them into boiling water, keep them there for about a quarter of a minute, then plunge them into cold water. Skin, halve and stone the peaches and pack them, cut sides down, in the prepared jars. Some of the stones can be cracked and three to four kernels added to each jar.

Pour the boiling syrup on to the peaches, right up to the brim of the jars. Slip a silver or stainless steel knife down the insides of the jars to encourage the air bubbles to rise and emerge. Place in position the rubber rings, glass caps and, finally, screw bands. Screw them until they firmly catch. Lift the jars on to the rack in the hot water and at once turn back the bands for almost a full turn, so that they no longer catch. This will allow the air in the jars to escape. Otherwise, as the air expands and tries to get out, the jars are likely to break. Now fill the sterilizer with almost boiling water to come within an inch of the bands. Put on the lid, bring the water to a good boil and boil for twenty minutes. Remove the jars, stand them to cool out of a draught and tighten the screw bands.

IN the second method (the longer one), cold syrup is poured over the fruit in the jars, which are then placed on the rack in the sterilizer. The screw bands are turned back as before. Cold water is added to cover the jars and the temperature is slowly brought up to 180 degrees Fahrenheit in ninety minutes and maintained at that for fifteen minutes. The bottles are then removed and the screw bands tightened as before.

In each case, forty-eight hours after the jars have been taken from the sterilizer, remove the screw bands and lift the jars by the glass caps only. They should hold firmly. If not, the process must be repeated.

—Helen Burke



Ivon de Winter

GERARD HARRIS has been the owner of The Bell Inn, Aston Clinton, for over ten years. The Bell is thirty-four miles from London and serves superb French and English food. Mr. Harris forsook his profession of solicitor, because he found that his true vocation concerned the finer pleasures of the table





# for Healthy Gums & Teeth use **INTER-DENS** after every meal

Everybody knows that dental decay is caused by food particles left between the teeth. What many people forget, however, is that the sooner these particles are removed the less damage they can do. It is risky cleansing your teeth *only* at bedtime and in the morning. Inter-Dens can be carried in handbag or pocket ready for use after every meal. Inter-Dens are not tooth picks. Made from soft, flexible wood, specially medicated, they not only remove all debris between the teeth, they also help to keep the gums healthy by gentle, safe massage.

**You can carry Inter-Dens  
in your pocket or hand-bag  
ready for use any time,  
any place!**



Enquire at your usual Chemists or write to:  
**WILLIAM MARTINDALE Wholesale LTD.**  
14-16 BRUTON PLACE, BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

# REALLY AUTHENTIC CURRIES

and  
A CHOICE OF THE FINEST MOGLAI  
CURRIES KEBABS PULAOS BIRYANIS  
and MADRAS and CEYLON CURRIES  
ARE AVAILABLE  
also

a most varied selection of Pakistan and Indian Sweets.  
We include with all curries delicious assorted Sambals.  
An excellent alternative French/English menu is available  
for those not taking curries.

A team of Expert Native Cooks from Pakistan, India and  
Ceylon are at

# VEERASWAMY'S

SWALLOW STREET, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1  
REGent 1401 and 2836

OPEN WEEKDAYS: 12 to 3 p.m., 5.30 to 12 midnight.  
SUNDAYS: 12.30 to 2.30 p.m., 6.30 to 10.30 p.m.

FULLY LICENSED

THE LARGEST AND MOST LUXURIOUS INDIAN PAKISTANI  
RESTAURANT IN EUROPE

# "The Antiquary"

*de luxe  
Scotch  
Whisky*

The pleasure this  
whisky brings will  
repay the effort  
necessary to obtain  
it.

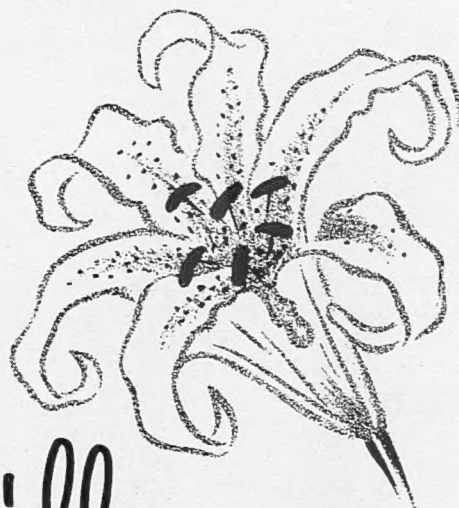


"at last I  
have found it!"

*J & M Hardie*  
LIMITED.

EDINBURGH.

ASK FOR



"Lilly BY ITSELF"

and you will enjoy an apéritif  
with an authentic french accent

# LILLET

Pronounced "Lilly" by the Anglais, this truly  
Gallic apéritif is sweeter than dry, yet drier than  
sweet. Accordingly it makes an irresistible  
appeal to the British taste for compromise!  
Enjoy it by itself—or with soda if you like to  
prolong the pleasure. (Iced, of course).



With a  
touch  
of magic...



five new  
colour-  
constant  
shades

Under romantic evening light,  
or in bright sunshine,  
be sure of the unfailing touch of magic  
of Yardley powder.

It never darkens or changes colour.  
There are five lovely new  
skin-toned shades, to highlight your  
own good looks. For retouching,  
carry Feather Finish in your handbag.  
Powder 6/- Feather Finish 9/3 refill 5/7.  
*For an expert touch of magic,  
visit the Yardley Beauty Salon,  
33 Old Bond Street, London.*

**YARDLEY**  
powder